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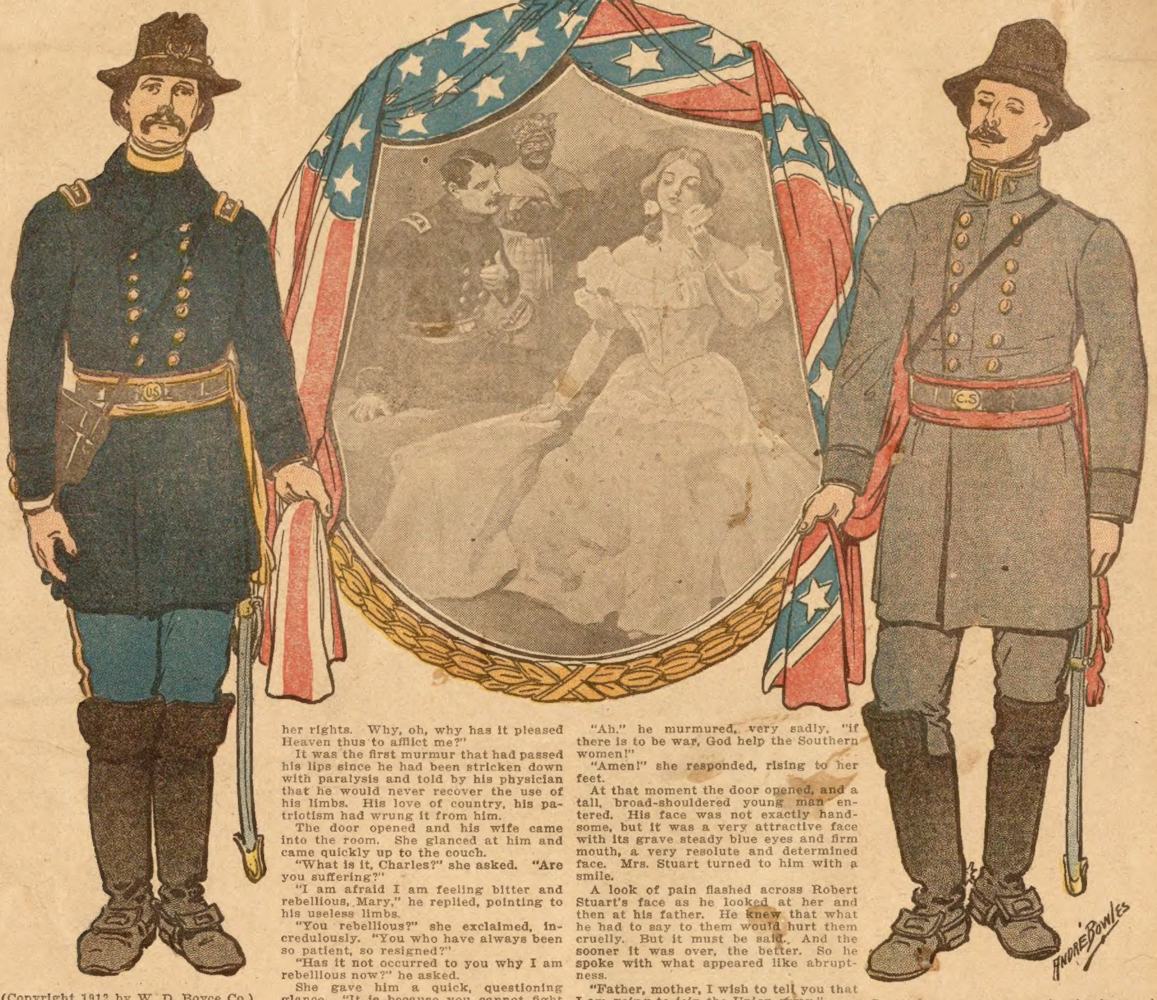
In Days of Stress

Or, War in the Shenandoah Valley By Emma Howard Wight



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CHAPTER I.

REPUDIATED.

CHARLES STUART lay on a couch beside the window and looked out very sadly at the fair scene stretching before him. "There is no country in all the world, I am sure, more beautiful than this Shenandoah Valley of Virginia," he murmured. "Is war to trail its blight, its devastation over all her beauty? Ah, the pity of it! the cruelty of it!" He glanced down at his lifeless limbs. He had been a paralytic for a number of years. "I lie here helpless, powerless to take up arms in defense of the dear South. Bound to this couch while the South stands in desperate need of strong men to defend her rights. Why, oh, why has it pleased Heaven thus to afflict me?"

It was the first murmur that had passed his lips since he had been stricken down with paralysis and told by his physician that he would never recover the use of his limbs. His love of country, his patriotism had wrung it from him.

The door opened and his wife came into the room. She glanced at him and came quickly up to the couch.

"What is it, Charles?" she asked. "Are you suffering?"

"I am afraid I am feeling bitter and rebellious, Mary," he replied, pointing to his useless limbs.

"You rebellious?" she exclaimed, incredulously. "You who have always been so patient, so resigned?"

"Has it not occurred to you why I am rebellious now?" he asked.

She gave him a quick, questioning glance. "It is because you cannot fight for the South," she replied.

"Yes." He turned and again looked out of the window. "While the men of this fair South are mustering to defend her, I lie here helpless, chained to a couch. Do you wonder that I am rebellious?" turning to her wistfully. "That I long to be as other men who are well and strong? It is hard, bitterly hard!"

She knelt beside the couch and gently smoothed back the gray-threaded hair from his brow.

"Yes, it is hard," she acquiesced. "But let the thought that you have a son to fight for the South comfort you. And he is our only son, our all. But we give him freely to the Southern Cause which may demand his life."

He looked at her with tender admiration. "How bravely you say that, dear!" he declared. "You, his mother."

She smiled. "Yes, I am his mother, but I am also a Southern woman."

"Ah," he murmured, very sadly, "if there is to be war, God help the Southern women!"

"Amen!" she responded, rising to her feet.

At that moment the door opened, and a tall, broad-shouldered young man entered. His face was not exactly handsome, but it was a very attractive face with its grave steady blue eyes and firm mouth, a very resolute and determined face. Mrs. Stuart turned to him with a smile.

A look of pain flashed across Robert Stuart's face as he looked at her and then at his father. He knew that what he had to say to them would hurt them cruelly. But it must be said. And the sooner it was over, the better. So he spoke with what appeared like abruptness.

"Father, mother, I wish to tell you that I am going to join the Union army."

A dead silence followed. The singing of a bird on a tree beside the window had a discordant sound in the tense silence within the room. Mrs. Stuart paled as she stared amazedly at her son. Charles Stuart seemed for a brief while stunned.

"I must have misunderstood you," he said, at length. "I thought you said you were going to join the Union army."

"You did not misunderstand, sir," replied Robert, quietly.

"You mean that you intend to fight against the South, the land of your birth?"

"I intend to fight for the cause I believe to be right. It is true that I am a Southerner, but I am also a citizen of the United States. You will find, sir, that I am not the only Southerner who will fight for the Union."

"That is no doubt true. There will be others who prove recreant to the South, who forsake her in the hour of her need." Charles Stuart's brow was dark, his lips set tensely. The pale resolute faces of father and son were wonderfully alike at that moment the wife and mother noted with tightening at her heart, as she looked from one to the other. "But in my house, beneath my roof there can never be a place for such a one."

"Charles!" cried Mrs. Stuart, imploringly.

He continued unheedingly, "When you leave this house to join the Union army, its doors close upon you forever."

Robert paled, but he spoke quietly, resolutely: "That is hard, sir, but I must submit if such be your will. I cannot uphold a cause which I do not believe to be a right and just one."

Charles Stuart pointed to the door. "Then go," he cried, "and never let me look upon your face again!"

"Oh, Charles, remember he is your

son!" cried Mrs. Stuart, in an anguished voice.

"No," was the reply, "I repudiate him. I no longer have a son."

Robert started toward the door. Halfway he paused and turned. "Mother!" he cried.

With a sob she went to him. He folded her in his arms, pressed a kiss upon her cheek, released her, and passed out of the room.

"Robert, my son!" she cried, starting to follow him.

At the door, she stopped, hesitated, turned slowly, and looked toward her husband. He had turned his pale, strained face toward the window, and was gazing out with unseeing eyes. She swiftly crossed the room, fell on her knees beside him, burying her face on his breast.

Outside the bird was still singing its joyous song, the golden sunlight lay upon blue mountain, woods, meadows, exquisite bloom and fair flowers. From the direction of the slave quarters came the happy, careless laughter of little dusky children at play.

For some time there was no sound in the room. Then a sob broke from Mrs. Stuart's lips, as she lifted her pale face from her husband's breast.

"God forgive him!" murmured Charles Stuart.

CHAPTER II.

THE CALL OF DUTY.

There were three adjoining plantations on the turnpike about half a mile from Strasburg, on the turnpike at the foot of the Massanutten Mountain—Fernley, the home of Charles Stuart, Linden, and Mountainview. At Linden lived Mrs. Allan, a widow, with a son, Carlisle, and a daughter whose name was Dorothy. At Mountainview lived the Fosters. George Foster had married a Northern woman of the name of Willoughby. She had been a widow with a little daughter, five years old, named Christine. One child was born of the second marriage, a daughter who was called Marguerite. Christine Willoughby had been educated in the North, and had spent the greater part of her life there. She had returned to the South a year previous to the beginning of the Civil War, upon the death of her mother.

About the time Robert Stuart announced to his father and mother his intention to join the Union army, his childhood playmate and life-long friend, Carlisle Allan entered the room where his mother and sister sat, and told them he was going to Harper's Ferry to join the Confederates under Jackson.

Mrs. Allan grew pale. "I knew that this must come," she said. "The dread of it has haunted me night and day."

Dorothy, a tall, queenly looking girl, gray-eyed, brown-haired, with a creamy complexion, gave a quick glance at her brother, but did not immediately speak. Carlisle was standing beside his mother, resting his hand gently on her shoulder.

"I knew you would be among the first to join the Confederate army," she continued, looking up at him pathetically. "I know it must be, but it is hard, for I am a widow and you are my only son."

"I know that you will pray for me, mother," said Carlisle. He was a handsome young fellow, bearing a strong resemblance to his sister. "And may God hear your prayers and bring me safely back to you when this bitter strife is over."

"Heaven grant that it may soon be over!" exclaimed Mrs. Allan, as she arose.

Carlisle went to open the door for her. She paused a moment to put her arms yearningly about his neck before going out. Her children knew she was going to her room to weep alone. Carlisle watched her for a moment as she went slowly up the winding stairway; then with a sigh he turned and went back to his sister, taking a seat near her. She lifted her eyes and looked at him, gravely, but very calmly and steadily.

"Give the best that is in you to the Southern Cause, Carlisle," she said. "There is brave blood in your veins. The men of our race were distinguished for their bravery."

"I shall gladly give my life if need be in defense of the South," he answered, very simply. He smiled. "A man can do no more than that."

"No." She was silent for a moment. "Are you going alone, Carlisle, or will Robert Stuart accompany you?" she asked.

"I am going alone," he replied. She looked somewhat surprised, and he added: "I told Robert of my intention, expecting him to join me, but he said nothing about doing so. In fact, I have found him very reticent in regard to his intentions." A thoughtful look stole over his face. "I don't understand him. He hasn't seemed at all like himself of late."

"That is true," declared Dorothy. "He has appeared to me to be troubled."

"This war will indefinitely postpone your marriage," said Carlisle.

"Yes, this is no time for marrying or giving in marriage," she replied, smiling sadly.

"There are sterner, more vital things to think of, I'll admit," said Carlisle, and half unconsciously, he sighed.

She gave him a quick, troubled glance. "I wish that you did not care so much for Christine Willoughby, Carlisle," she exclaimed. "I admit she is beautiful and bewitching, but I am afraid she is both heartless and a coquette."

He rose abruptly and walking to the window, stood looking out. After a moment Dorothy arose, went to him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Forgive me, dear, if I have pained you," she said.

He smiled and laid his hand affectionately on hers resting on his arm.

"Dorothy, there are times when I fear that what you say in regard to Christine is true," he admitted. "But I love her madly, desperately. I want her for my wife."

"I do not believe she would make you happy, Carlisle," said Dorothy.

"Happy?" he murmured. "I do not know. I only know that there would be for me unspeakable rapture, mad delight in possessing her." His eyes were alight with passion, his breath came hurriedly.

Dorothy studied him a moment, her fine brows a little contracted. "I do not believe that the feeling you have for Christine Willoughby is the best, the finest kind of love," she declared. "I do not believe that it's the kind of love a really good woman would inspire."

He flushed a little and stood for a while silent and thoughtful. "Perhaps you are right; I do not know," he said, at length. "A man does not analyze his love for a woman. I only know that I love Christine and want her with every fiber of my being."

"Do you intend seeing her before you start for Harper's Ferry?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes," he started toward the door, "I cannot go without seeing her."

He was about to leave the room, when a young colored man, very dark-skinned, with soft, gentle eyes, entered.

"Kin I speak to you, young massa?" he asked, pausing respectfully on the threshold. He was neatly clad, wearing the apparel of a house servant.

"Certainly, Podge," replied Carlisle. "What do you wish to say to me?"

"Am it true dat you is gwine 'way to de wah, young massa?"

"Yes, Podge, it certainly is true."

Podge moved a step or two nearer his young master.

"Will you take me 'long wid you, Marse Carlisle?" he asked, eagerly.

Carlisle shook his head.

"No, Podge, I cannot do that," he replied.

A quiver passed over Podge's face.

"Massa, deah young massa, don't say dat," he implored, "Po' Podge's heart gwine to break fo' sho' ef you go 'way to de wah and leab him behind. 'Sides you nebber could git 'long widout me to look arter you and wait on you, Marse Carlisle."

Carlisle smiled rather gravely.

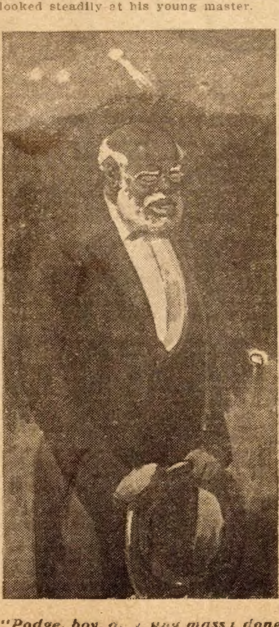
"I am going to be a soldier, Podge," he said. "And there are no luxuries, no self-indulgences in a soldier's life."

"But thar's hardship and danger and sufferin', young massa," said Podge. "And dat am de time when Podge wants most to be at yo' side." He turned and looked beseechingly at Dorothy. "Young mistis, please ax de young massa to take me 'long wid him."

Dorothy looked at her brother. "Have you some good reason for refusing to take Podge with you, Carlisle?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "the very best of reasons." He turned toward Podge. "I want you to stay right here, Podge, and take care of your mistress and Miss Dorothy. I leave them in your care."

Podge lifted his drooping head and looked steadily at his young master.



"Podge, boy, de young massa done got thar."

"Ya'as, young massa, I'se gwine to take de best ob keer ob de ole mistis and de young mistis," he said.

Carlisle laid his hand affectionately on the darky's shoulder.

"My good, faithful Podge!" he murmured, with feeling. "I know you will be faithful unto death."

Upon leaving his young master and mistress, Podge went to the slave quarters. He paused before one of the cabins in the doorway of which sat a white-haired old darky with soft, gentle eyes like Podge's. He glanced up questioningly at Podge.

"Is you gwine 'long wid de young massa, Podge?" he asked.

"No, gran'daddy," replied Podge. "De young massa 'lows dat I must stay right heah and look arter de ole mistis and de young mistis."

The old darky studied for a moment the quiet, dusky face.

"I reckon it gwine to go hard wid you, Podge, fo' to part wid de young massa," he said, after a moment. "I ricollects how you uster take on when he went 'way to school and how when it nigh 'bout time fo' de young massa to be comin' home ag'in you war nigh crazy wid joy. But," his voice growing lower, "when de young massa goes 'way dis time, we don't know wedder he eber comin' home ag'in."

A shudder passed over Podge's strong limbs, his head fell upon his breast. He stood thus for a little while, then he looked up. His eyes were sad, but every steadfast.

"I'se gwine to pray allers to de good Lawd to bring my deah young massa home safe," he said.

CHAPTER III.

"WHITHER THOU GOEST."

Dorothy walked with her brother along the hall and out upon the porch. Robert Stuart was coming up the walk toward the house. They both stopped and stood waiting. Dorothy, with the quick eyes of love, noted that Robert was very pale and very grave. Carlisle, less observant, was the first to speak.

"Robert," he said, "Major Jackson is calling for volunteers to join the Confederates under him at Harper's Ferry. I start for Harper's Ferry tomorrow. Will you come with me?"

It was a moment or so before Robert replied. He looked at Dorothy, hesitated, and then said, with something of an effort, turning again to Carlisle: "I cannot go with you. It is my intention to join the Union army."

"Impossible!" cried Carlisle, incredulously. Dorothy paled slightly, but she looked very steadily at Robert. "You can't mean that you intend to fight against the South?" continued Carlisle. "To join those who are trying to oppress and rob her? You, a Southerner! a Virginian!"

"It is true that I am both a Southerner and a Virginian," acquiesced Robert. "But I believe that my allegiance is due the United States."

"No!" cried Carlisle, hotly. "Virginia has the first claim upon you. Your allegiance is due her."

A smile, sad, weary, passed over Robert's lips. "It will avail nothing for us to argue the question," he declared. "You believe that you owe allegiance to the South, I believe that I owe allegiance to the United States. It is no more in your power to cause me to swerve from what I believe to be my duty than it is in my power to influence you. You maintain that the South is justified in the stand she has taken. I am of a different opinion. I cannot fight, therefore, for a cause in which I do not believe."

"Robert, for God's sake, don't do this thing!" cried Carlisle, his voice tremulous with emotion. "You and I played together in childhood, we were comrades in boyhood, friends always. You have been as dear to me as a brother. Do not make it impossible for me to take your hand again in friendship. Go with me to Harper's Ferry. Let us be together in this as we have been together all our lives. Let us fight side by side for the dear South, for fair Virginia."

"It cannot be," replied Robert, with great sadness. He moved nearer and held out his hand. "Will you not shake hands with me, Carlisle, before we part perhaps forever?"

"No," was the reply, "I cannot take the hand that will soon be uplifted against the South. We are no longer friends; we are foes."

As he spoke he descended the steps of the porch and walked rapidly away.

Robert turned toward Dorothy. "Dorothy, I have lost father, mother, home, and friend," he said, very sadly. "Tell me, am I to lose also the woman I love?"

"No," she replied quietly. He started and his eyes lighted, his pale face flushed. "I cannot repudiate you because you do what you believe to be your duty, at all costs."

"And if God spares me to return to you, I can still claim your promise to become my wife?" he asked, with half-wondering rapture.

"Yes, whenever you come to claim me, I will be your wife," she replied, simply.

He took her gently in his arms and kissed her with more reverence than passion. "God bless you, my darling!" he murmured, brokenly.

"You said that you had lost father, mother, home?" she queried, as she gently withdrew herself from his arms.

"Yes, my father has repudiated me, cast me out," he explained. "I no longer have a home to offer you, Dorothy. I must go out into the world and make a new one."

She looked at him smilingly. "Whither thou goest, I will go," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COQUETTE.

Christine Willoughby reclined with the voluptuous grace peculiar to her in a low chair under a great apple tree on the lawn at Mountainview. The pink apple blossoms formed a delicate carpet for her dainty feet, they starred her blue gown and were caught in the shining masses of her wonderful red-gold hair. She had sleepy, heavily-lidded blue-gray eyes, with very dark brows and lashes. Her skin was dead white, the vivid crimson of her lips in almost startling contrast. She was small-boned and slender, with a very full bosom, a seductive, enthralling creature, fatal to the peace of any man who fell a victim to her beauty and alluring charms.

On the grass at her feet, in the midst of the pink bloom of the apple blossoms, sat her half-sister, Marguerite, a dainty, childish-looking creature, with lovely, innocent blue eyes, a roseleaf complexion, and pale gold hair falling in ringlets to her dimpled shoulders. She sat with her white slim arms about her knees, a plaintive look in her eyes.

"Of what are you thinking so seriously, little one?" asked Christine, carelessly.

"I am thinking of this terrible war," the girl replied, with a sigh. "I am expecting every day to have father tell us that he is going to join the Confederate army. It nearly breaks my heart to think of it."

Christine glanced down rather curiously at the sweet, childish face.

"Would you rather that he remained at home?" she asked.

"Certainly not," replied Marguerite, promptly and with some indignation. "He must fight for the South, as every brave Southerner will. But, oh, it is hard, cruelly hard!" and again she sighed.

"Yes, it is hard," Christine admitted.

"It's a shame for the North to try to steal our slaves," pouted Marguerite.

Christine looked down upon her with an indulgent smile. "You do not understand, petite," she declared.

At that moment an old colored woman, with a bright bandanna handkerchief on her head, came out of the house and approached them.

"De massa wants to speak to you, honey," she said, addressing Marguerite.

The girl's face paled as she arose. "It has come," she murmured, looking piteously at Christine. "Father wishes to tell me that he is going away."

Christine slightly raised her brows. Marguerite turned from her and went to the old darky, resting her head against her shoulder.

"Now, honey, don't you fret yo'se'f," she murmured, soothingly, drawing the girl gently toward the house. "Yo' ole mammy kyant b'ar fo' to see her chile sad and sor'ful."

Christine looked after them with an expression of distaste. She could not understand the affection that existed between the Southern people and their slaves. The tender familiarity that existed between Marguerite and her old black mammy revolted the Northern-bred girl.

"Christine!"

She turned her head to find Carlisle Allan standing beside her, looking down upon her with passionate eyes.

"Did you drop from the skies?" she queried.

"You were so absorbed in watching your sister that you did not notice my approach," he explained.

"I was wondering," she began, and then stopped with a little shrug of the shoulders. "If I were to tell you what I was thinking you would not be in sympathy with me," she added.

"I think you should be aware that there is nothing in regard to you is not of interest to me," he protested. "How could it be otherwise when I love you with all my soul?"

She did not speak. Her eyes were cast down, the inky lashes resting against the dead white of her cheeks. He sighed as he looked at her. He always found her baffling and elusive.

"I have come to bid you farewell, Christine," he said.

She glanced up at him quickly.

"I suppose you are going to join the Confederate army?" she exclaimed.

He bowed. "Yes."

She studied his face a moment through half-closed lids. "What if I were to ask you—not to go?" she murmured, softly.

He started and his breath quickened. He waited a moment to recover himself before speaking.

"You would not ask me not to go," he said. "You know that I must go. It is my duty to go. It is agony to leave you, but you would despise me if I were to place myself in a position to be branded as a coward."

She laughed softly. "How can you be sure of that?"

He looked at her for a moment, then he turned away half-wearily. "I do not believe that I have ever understood you," he exclaimed, dejectedly.

"Perhaps that is why you—care for me," she suggested, a little seriously.

"After all, what does that matter when

just to look at you drives me mad with longing to have you for my own?" he cried, passionately. He bent over her hungrily, appealingly. "Christine, say something kind, gentle, to me before we part. Give me a little hope to carry with me that some day, if it please God to spare me, you will become my wife."

"Do you think that this is a propitious time for such a request?" she queried. As he glanced at her inquiringly, she added, "When you are about to take up arms against the North?"

"You are in sympathy with the North?" he exclaimed.

She smiled. "Of course. How could it be otherwise, when I am a Northerner."

"And I am a Southerner, and must fight for the South," he reminded her.

"All Southerners do not fight for the South," she declared.

"That is true," he admitted, gravely. "Robert Stuart has just told me that it is his intention to join the Union forces."

"Indeed!" She looked interested.

"Yes, and our friendship is at an end."

She shrugged her shoulders with a touch of contempt.

"I think you show narrow-mindedness to repudiate a friend simply because his idea of duty happens to differ from yours," she declared. "Has your sister also repudiated him?"

"I do not know," he replied. A look of pain passed over his face. "What a cruel thing Civil War is! Father arrayed against son, brother against brother, friend against friend. But fortunately, this war is not likely to continue long."

"You think so?" she queried. "I am of a different opinion."

He put the subject aside with an impatient gesture.

"Christine, you haven't replied to my question," he pleaded. "There are times when you make me believe that you care for me, and, then again I feel that it was a delusion. Have you simply been playing with me? Are you a coquette?"

She looked at him meditatively. He was good-looking, chivalrous, and madly in love with her, but he was powerless to move her to responsiveness. She was too thoroughly a coquette, however, to tell him plainly that she did not love him and let him go. She looked at him softly, alluringly.

"I want you to come back to me," she half whispered.

"Christine!" he cried, passionately, making a movement to take her in his arms as she arose. But she smilingly evaded him and turned toward the house.

"Will you not come to the house?" she asked, looking back at him over her shoulder.

He shook his head. The rapture had died out of his eyes. The consciousness of her maddening elusiveness tortured him.

"Good-by!" he murmured, holding out his hand.

She gave him her hand. The touch of her cool, slim fingers thrilled him, but he conquered the temptation to crush her in his arms, and simply lifted her hand to his lips.

"Good-by," he said, again, and releasing her hand, turned away.

CHAPTER V.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Four years later. September in the year, 1864. It was the beginning of the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, with the Federals under General Sheridan and the Confederates under General Early. The battle of Winchester took place on the 19th of September, and ended in a victory for the Federals. Sheridan drove the Confederates up the valley, and Early encamped on Fisher's Hill, two miles beyond Strasburg. The Federals encamped about Strasburg, Sheridan having his headquarters in the town. A Federal detachment, under the command of a Colonel Warwick, was encamped just opposite the gates of Mountainview on the other side of the turnpike.

The four years of the war had brought great changes to the three adjoining plantations. The slave quarters were silent and deserted, the land wild and uncultivated, the grounds about the houses neglected, the outbuildings sadly in need of repair, while weeds ran riot in the gardens. But in the orchards the trees hung heavy with ripe fruit, red and yellow apples, and the odor of ripe grapes was in the air.

The men, with the exception of the aged and the infirm, were in the army, and there were comparatively few of the darkies who had not taken advantage of their freedom.

It was between six and seven o'clock in the evening, when a horseman in Confederate uniform rode up to the front gate at Linden, quickly dismounted, threw the bridle over the gatepost, opened the gate, and walked rapidly toward the house. As he passed up on the porch, old Uncle David was coming along the hall. He stopped with a gasp.

"Marse Carlisle!" he cried.

"Yes, Uncle David, it is I," said Carlisle Allan, who wore the straps of a lieutenant upon his arm. He passed into the hall, placing his arm affectionately about Uncle David's shoulders. "Where are my mother and Dorothy?"

"Why, dey'se done gone to Strasburg, young massa," replied Uncle David, regretfully.

Lieutenant Allan's face clouded with disappointment.

"That's too bad!" he exclaimed. "I am on my way to the signal station on Massanutten Mountain," he went on to explain. "I couldn't resist stopping for a few minutes."

Uncle David looked greatly concerned.

"I'se so sorry, young massa, dat de mistis and Miss Dorothy ain't heah. I knows you is mighty disappointed. I'se 'spectin' dem back ebery minit. Kyant you wait a while?"

Lieutenant Allan shook his head. "No, I can't do that, Uncle David," he replied.

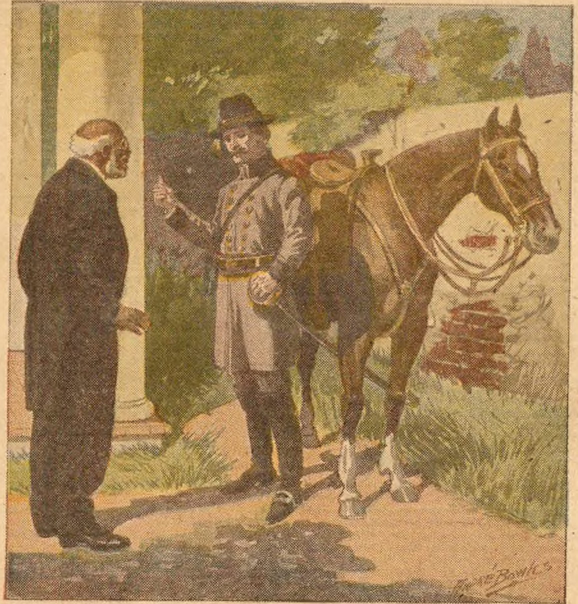
"De mistis and Miss Dorothy gwine to be dreffle sorry when dey heahs you done been heah and dey missed you," said Uncle David.

"I reckon they will, Uncle David, but it can't be helped. My mother and Dorothy are both well?"

"Ya'as, young massa."

"And how are the folks at Fernley and Mountainview?"

"Dey'se only tol'able at Fernley, Marse Carl'le. Mist' Charles and Miss Mary, dey allers seem mighty sad and sor'ful lak. Dey ain't seemed lak deyseves sence Mist' Robert went 'way to fight wid de Yankees. Po' Mist' Robert! I don't know what eber made him do sich a thing as dat. Hab you eber come 'cross him, Marse Carl'le, sence he done took up wid de Yankees?"



"Marse Carlisle!" he cried.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Carlisle. Then he added, in a low voice, "I can never rid myself of the fear that we may one day meet in battle."

"Miss Dorothy, she am de onliest one what done stuck to Mist' Robert," declared Uncle David. "She had tried to sof'en Mist' Charles' heart, but it warn't one bit ob use."

"I can understand how he feels," said Carlisle, half to himself. "And how are they at Mountainview?" rather eagerly.

"Miss Christine and Miss Marguerite, dey'se bofe well and pooty as picters," replied David. "But don't you go 'round thar, Marse Carl'le," he cautioned. "Thar's a regiment of Sheridan's 'camped right on de tu'npike 'cross frum de gate."

"I shall keep away from there, never fear, Uncle David," declared Lieutenant Allan. "I have no desire to fall into the clutches of the Yankees."

"Kunnel Warwick, what am in command ob de 'tachment, he spends a lot of his time at de house wid de young ladies," said Uncle David.

"Is he a middle-aged man?" inquired Lieutenant Allan.

"No, he looks 'bout thirty-five, and a mighty fine-lookin' man he am." Carlisle frowned. "Looks lak he war makin' up to one ob de young ladies. I reckon it must be Miss Christine, fo' Miss Marguerite, she wouldn't hab nothin' to say to no Yankee."

Carlisle, tortured by jealousy, stood silent, a disturbed look on his face. At that moment Podge appeared at the other end of the hall. He looked at first astonished, then his face became transfigured with joy at the sight of his young master. He bounded forward and threw his arms about Lieutenant Allan, hugging him tight, while incoherent exclamations of delight broke from his lips.

Carlisle's face cleared. He patted Podge's broad shoulders affectionately. "It's good to see you again, Podge, old fellow," he said.

"Marse Carl'le, he mighty disapp'inted dat de mistis and Miss Dorothy ain't heah," Uncle David explained.

"But dey'll be heah befo' long now," said Podge. "Ain't you gwine to wait fo' 'em, Marse Carl'le?"

"No, I can't wait any longer," replied Carlisle. "I am bearing important dispatches from Winchester to the signal station on Massanutten. A certain signal must be given this evening to the Confederate troops in the valley."

"Somebody's comin' now," said Podge, going to the door and looking out. He peered down the turnpike growing dusky in the twilight; then he wheeled around and returned. "De Yankees are comin' young massa!" he cried.

"I must have been seen by the pickets of the Federal detachment," exclaimed Carlisle, "and they are after me. They will see my horse, come in here, and take me prisoner. If I had not stopped I would have gotten safely to the signal station. But I have failed in my duty. The signal will not be given from Massanutten this evening, and disaster will follow for the Confederates." His head sank on his breast and he groaned.

Podge's face lighted with sudden inspiration. "Git in that thar closet quick, young massa," he cried, pointing to a closet built under the stairway.

"They won't be long finding me here, Podge," Carlisle said, as he moved toward the closet, entered and closed the door.

Podge turned to his grandfather. "I'se done thought ob a way to sabe young massa frum dem Yankees," he said. He went on speaking rapidly. "You go out on de po'ch, grandaddy, and keep 'em talkin' fo' a li'l' while. I'll go roun' and git on young massa's hoss and start off down de tu'npike. Dem Yankees gwine to think it am young massa, and dey come arter me. Den you go quick, git young massa, saddle de white mar', and young massa kin git 'way while de Yankees am chasin' me. Does you understan', grandad?"

"Ya'as, Podge, I understan's," replied Uncle David, very gravely. He paused an instant and then added, "I'se feard dem Yankees gwine to fire on you, thinkin' you am Marse Carl'le. Has you done thought ob dat, Podge?"

"Why, ya'as, granddaddy; but dat ain't nuffin ef young massa git 'way safe," replied Podge, very simply.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIGNAL.

The old darky suppressed a sigh. "All right, Podge, I'se gwine to do zactly as you tells me," he agreed.

The Federals had now reached the gate and perceived Carlisle's horse.

"He's in the house here!" several of them exclaimed.

They began to dismount. Podge turned and went toward the rear of the hall. The Federals, five in number, came through the gate and up on the porch. Uncle David advanced to meet them.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"The Rebel soldier who is in this house," replied a sergeant in command of the others.

"Thar ain't no sich pusson heah," declared Uncle David.

"You are lying, old man," exclaimed the sergeant. "We knew he came this way, and there's his horse out at the gate.

"Don't know nothin' 'tall 'bout no hoss," said Uncle David, doggedly, as he stood in the doorway barring their way. "Thar ain't no Rebel soldier in dis heah house."

"We're coming in to see," declared the Federal. "Stand aside, old man!"

At that moment there was the sound of a horse galloping furiously along the turnpike.

"There he goes! There he goes!" cried the Federals, excitedly.

"After him, boys!" ordered the sergeant.

They all turned, rushed down to the gate, sprang on their horses and in pursuit of the horeseman whom they believed to be Lieutenant Allan.

Uncle David went quickly and opened the door of the closet. "Come quick, Marse Carlisle," he said. "We'll saddle de white mar', and you kin git 'way. Thar ain't no time for 'splainin'," he added, as Carlisle was about to question him. "Dem Yankees may be comin' back real soon."

He went on toward the stables, followed by Carlisle. The white mare was hurriedly saddled and Carlisle sprang on her back.

"Thank God I have escaped the Federals," he exclaimed, with a long sigh of relief. "Good-by, Uncle David! Give my love to my mother and Dorothy." As he was about to ride away, he stopped a moment. "Watch for the waving of a red light on Massanutten tonight," he added. "That is the signal. If you see it you will know I got there all right."

He rode off. Uncle David went around the front gate and stood there waiting. Suddenly several shots rang out. A quiver went through the old darky's form. With trembling hands he opened the gate and went out on the turnpike. He walked a'ong until he came to the Federals, who had dismounted and were gathered about a form stretched on the ground.

Uncle David went up to them. "Am he dade?" he asked.

"Yes," replied one of the Federals, who had been kneeling beside Podge. "He tricked us cleverly, but he has paid for it with his life."

Uncle David knelt down and laid his hand over Podge's heart.

"Ya'as, he am gone," he murmured.

There was something very touching and pathetic in the quiet grief of the old darky, and involuntarily the Federals bared their heads.

"Come, boys, let us carry him home," said the sergeant. "He fooled us bad, but he was a brave fellow. Who is the Rebel soldier he was willing to die for?" he asked Uncle David.

"Dat war de young massa," replied Uncle David, simply.

"Lieutenant Allan!" exclaimed the sergeant. He turned to the others. "He came from Winchester." He turned back to Uncle David. "Tell me, old man, where was your young master going?"

"I don't know as I done heahed him say, sah," replied Uncle David.

The Federal uttered an impatient exclamation.

"If you will tell me where your young master was going and for what purpose, I will see that you are well paid for the information," he said.

"Sah," replied Uncle David, "dat dade boy thar am my gran'son. We don't betray our massas, we die fo' 'em."

The sergeant muttered something under his breath, and, with a curt order to the Federals who were to carry Podge, to move on, swung himself into his saddle. They moved on up the turnpike, Uncle David walking behind the body.

Suddenly from the top of Massanutten there flashed a red light.

"The Confederates are signaling!" exclaimed several of the Federals.

The old darky lifted his face, wet with the hard tears of old age, to the sky in which stars were now gleaming.

"Podge, boy, de young massa done got thar safe," he murmured.

CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL WARWICK.

Christine sat on the porch, her eyes, passionate, expectant, fixed upon the erect, soldierly form of the Union officer, as he crossed the lawn in the moonlight. He was a man of superb physique and strikingly handsome face. He had the nose of a Greek statue, fine dark eyes, a flashing smile, of rare beauty. He bared his dark head as he reached the steps leading up on the porch.

"Good evening, Colonel Warwick!" said Christine, softly.

"Good evening, Miss Willoughby!" He came to her side, as he spoke, with a quick glance about the porch. "You are alone?" he queried, as he seated himself beside her, with a touch of abstraction in his manner.

"Yes," Christine replied. "Marguerite has been at Linden all day. Mrs. Allan and her daughter are greatly distressed over the death of one of their darkies," and she gave a slight shrug of the shoulders. "They really appear to take it as hard as though he were one of their own flesh and blood."

"The poor fellow died under very touching and pathetic circumstances," said Colonel Warwick, gravely.

"You know about it?" exclaimed Christine, with some surprise.

"Yes, my men were in pursuit of Lieutenant Allan, and shot the darky, believing him to be the man they were after," Colonel Warwick explained. "Lieutenant Allan was seen by one of my pickets, and I gave the order to have him pursued and captured without knowing who he was." He paused, and then added, thoughtfully. "I wonder if the ruse which enabled him to get away was his own idea?"

"No," replied Christine, "it was the darky's. He was very devoted to his young master. Carlisle Allan will be greatly distressed when he hears of the darky's death."

"Naturally he would be," said Colonel Warwick. "You and Miss Foster are friends of Lieutenant Allan," he remarked, after a slight pause.

"Oh, yes, Marguerite grew up with Carlisle and Dorothy Allan."

"Lieutenant Allan is a very brave soldier," declared Colonel Warwick. "Is he also a handsome, attractive fellow?" He smiled, but there was a touch of anxiety in his manner, an interest that he could not quite hide.

Christine gave him a quick, keen glance, thrilling at the thought that he was perhaps jealous. She was madly in love with the handsome Federal officer. The coquette, who had made a plaything of love, was at length a victim. And she did not know whether her love was reciprocated or not. She had used her arts, her allurements, her seductions upon Colonel Warwick, and found him amazingly irresponsive, apparently impervious. This was a new experience to her. There were times when she asked herself, with a sickening pain at her heart, if the secret of Colonel Warwick's invulnerability lay in the fact that he was in love with some one else. She remembered how heartlessly and wantonly she had made men suffer who loved her, and wondered, with a chill fear, if retribution had overtaken her for her cruelty, if she would love hopelessly. But she always thrust the thought aside. It maddened her. She loved Colonel Warwick with passionate abandonment. Life seemed valueless to her if she failed to win his love. She told herself that she would win him even if he loved another. No man had so far been able to resist her. He must in time succumb.

"Yes, Carlisle Allan is handsome and attractive," she said, in reply to Colonel Warwick's query. She watched him closely, and her heart beat quicker as she noted that her information was not altogether pleasing to him. "And it is true, as you say," she continued, "he is very brave. He has quite distinguished himself during the war."

"There can be no question of that," Colonel Warwick readily admitted. "I fancy he was intrusted with some important commission when he came so near being captured yesterday," he added, thoughtfully.

"He was," affirmed Christine.

Colonel Warwick looked interested.

"Do you know what it was?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied. "Would it be of interest to you to know?"

"It certainly would," he replied, emphatically. "But I must not try to induce you to betray a confidence," he added.

She smiling shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, you know 'all's fair in war,'" she said. "But I shall betray no confidence in telling you what Lieutenant Allan was commissioned to do. I heard it from Marguerite. Dorothy Allan told her, but it was not told in confidence. Carlisle Allan," Colonel Warwick leaned toward her eagerly, "was on his way to the signal station on Massanutten, carrying important dispatches."

"Ah!" exclaimed Colonel Warwick. He thought a moment, "I understand now why they were signaling last night. The dispatches contained certain information which was signaled to the Confederates in the valley. Lieutenant Allan would have been a rich prize if I had captured him with those dispatches on him. My men bungled." He frowned. "They should have guarded the back of the house, and then that ruse of the darky's would have been impossible."

"If you had captured Lieutenant Allan, would you have kept him a prisoner?" asked Christine.

"Undoubtedly," was the prompt reply. "There would have been one valiant soldier less in the Confederate army."

"It is strange that he should have been sent alone on such a mission," observed Christine.

"No. You see, one man would be less likely to attract attention than a detachment, or even several men," Colonel Warwick explained. "Lieutenant Allan would have gotten through all right if he hadn't stopped at home."

"I fancy he would have come to Mountainview if your troops had not been at the gates," said Christine, and she watched his face as she spoke. The same look flashed across it that she had seen before, and which she was sure was caused by jealousy of Carlisle Allan, a troubled, apprehensive look. "But you have us well guarded," she added, the joy that thrilled her finding vent in a little rippling laugh.

He smiled a little. "I am not sure that I have you sufficiently guarded," he said. While he was speaking, Marguerite appeared in the doorway for the moment unnoticed. "I am going to give orders for an extra guard to be placed at the entrance to the pine wood when the pickets are changed at nine o'clock."

Marguerite came forward. A swift change passed over Colonel Warwick's face, as he arose, removing his cap. The girl returned his greeting a little coolly.

Her pretty, childish face was pale, and her eyes red as though she had been crying. Colonel Warwick lowered his eyes to hide the tenderness and the compassion in them. Marguerite leaned against one of the stone pillars which supported the porch, and looked at the white tents of the Federals in the moonlight with a plaintive expression in her wide blue eyes.

Christine arose quietly and passed into the house. She wanted to be alone to revel in the joy that possessed her, the delicious hope that thrilled her.

"Oh, what a cruel thing war is!" murmured Marguerite.

"Yes, it is very cruel," Colonel Warwick acquiesced, gravely. He had hardly noted Christine's departure. His eyes were fixed upon the fairylike figure of Marguerite, with the moonlight on her sweet face and pale gold curls. "You looked very tired," he said, with great gentleness.

"Yes." She sighed, as she spoke. "It is all so sad at Linden. Mrs. Allan and Dorothy are grief-stricken. Poor Podge! he looks so peaceful. There is a smile on his face. It's pitiful to see old Uncle David, his grandfather, sitting there beside him, so quiet, so unmurmuring, in his grief."" Her voice broke with a half-sob.

"Don't!" pleaded Colonel Warwick. "I cannot bear to see you grieved."

"Poor Carlisle!" she murmured, after a moment of silence. "It will almost break his heart when he hears about Podge."

He regarded her attentively.

"You have great sympathy for Lieutenant Allan," he said, rather tensely.

"Of course I have," she exclaimed, a little indignantly. "I am almost as fond of Carlisle as though he were my brother."

Colonel Warwick drew a long, deep breath.

"I thought perhaps you cared for him in a different way," he exclaimed. "That he was your—lover."

She smiled demurely. "Oh, no," she declared. "Carlisle is in love with Christine."

There was a moment's silence. Then Colonel Warwick turned to her and said. "And I have been torturing myself with the fear that you cared for him in that way."

She glanced at him in a surprised, questioning way. "Torturing yourself? Why should you do that?" she queried, innocently.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT NINE O'CLOCK.

He looked down upon her childish, upturned face with a smile that was a little sad. He would have preferred that she betrayed some self-consciousness.

"Because I love you," he replied.

Her eyes dilated. She shrank from him, flushing. "Oh!" she murmured.

"Has it never occurred to you that I love you?" he asked, gently.

She shook her head in prompt denial. "No, indeed," she replied. "I thought you were in love with Christine. They all fall in love with her, you know."

He smiled. "I am an exception," he declared. "It was my fate to come into the country of my enemy and lose my heart to the fairest of Southern girls. Marguerite," he leaned toward her, "I love you with all my soul."

Just at that moment old Mammy appeared in the doorway. "Young mistis, kin I speak to you fo' a minit?" she said, looking at Marguerite.

"Will you excuse me?" Marguerite glanced at Colonel Warwick.

He bowed. "I will wait until you return," he said.

Marguerite followed Mammy into the hall. The old darky did not speak until they were enough away from the door to be out of earshot. Then she stopped, and, turning to Marguerite, said in a low voice: "De massa am down sta'rs in de kitchen, honey."

Marguerite started and gave a frightened glance in the direction of the door.

"Hush!" she whispered, as she went swiftly by Mammy, down the stairs at the back of the hall, and into the kitchen below.

A lamp was burning on the table. A man, in the uniform of a Confederate officer, stood with his back to the big fireplace, facing the door. He came forward as Marguerite entered. She ran to him throwing her arms about his neck.

"Father!" she cried.

"How is my dear little girl?" he asked, kissing her.

"I am well, father, and so glad to see you," Marguerite replied. She withdrew herself from his arms with an apprehensive glance toward the windows opening halfway to the ground. "How did you manage to get here, father? The Federals are encamped at our very gates."

"So I have found out," he replied, grimly. "So I made a detour and came through the pine wood." She started. "Ever since we have encamped so near I have been anxious to get home and see my little girl. Tonight was the first chance I have had to get away for an hour. I must confess I was not prepared to find the Federals here. I thought at first I would not be able to get to the house; then I remembered the path through the pine wood. I rode to the woods, dismounted, tying my horse at the entrance, and came by the path. I looked in at the window there, and saw Mammy dozing in her chair. I came in, and sent her in search of you."

"Oh, father, you are running a great risk of being captured," exclaimed Marguerite.

"Oh, I shall get away all right, as I came," he answered, carelessly.

"You may not be able to do so."

"What do you mean?" he asked, quickly.

"I heard Colonel Warwick, the officer in command here, say that he was going to give orders to have a guard placed at the entrance to the pine wood at nine o'clock," she explained. She looked at the old-fashioned clock on the mantel over the fireplace. "Two minutes to nine!" she cried, paling.

Major Foster looked grave.

"I shall not be able to make it before the guard gets there," he declared.

Marguerite had been thinking quietly.

"Go at once, father," she cried. "I have thought of a way to delay the placing of the guard. But," as he looked at her questioningly, "you must not delay an instant," and she pushed him toward the door.

He went out quickly. Marguerite ran out of the kitchen and up the stairs. The big clock in the upper hall had just begun to strike nine. Marguerite caught her breath as she passed swiftly along the hall and out upon the porch. Colonel Warwick came to meet her.

"Pardon me," he said, lifting his cap, "but I must go at once. I have an important order to give." He turned to depart.

"Don't go," she said, with an effort.

He turned in some surprise. He saw that she was trembling and agitated. He took a step toward her.

"Marguerite, what is the matter?" he asked, solicitously.

"You—you told me that you loved me." Her eyes dropped, her cheeks flushed hotly.

He leaned toward her eagerly. "Yes!"

"I want to tell you," she paused, while he waited almost breathlessly, "that I love—you."

An exclamation of joy left his lips. He gently took her in his arms. She hid her face against his shoulder. He could feel her tremble through all her slim body. He pressed his lips to her curls.

"Sweetheart! darling!" he whispered, passionately. "Look up Marguerite! let me see your face!"

"No! no!" she murmured.

At that moment the sound of a bugle broke the silence. Colonel Warwick started and made a movement as though to release the girl. It was the call for changing the pickets.

"I must go," murmured Colonel Warwick.

Marguerite lifted her arms and placed them about his neck, clinging to him.

"Marguerite!" he whispered, passionately.

The bugle trailed into silence. He placed his hand under her chin and gently lifted her head. She did not resist, though it cost her a supreme effort of will not to do so. He bent and kissed her upon the lips.

"You love me, Marguerite?" he whispered.

Her arms dropped from his neck; she shrank from him, covering her face with her hands. A little sob broke from her lips.

"Oh," she cried, "how you will despise me!"

"Marguerite, what do you mean?" he asked, bewilderedly.

Her hands fell from her face. She looked at him, pale to the lips.

"I wished to keep you here so that my father, an officer in the Confederate army, could get safely away," she explained, tensely. Colonel Warwick started slightly, but controlled himself and waited quietly for her to explain. "Mammy told me that my father was here, waiting to see me. He had come to the house through the pine wood. I heard you say that you intended placing a guard there at nine o'clock. That would have cut my father off. I thought of a way to keep you until my father could get away. That is why I—I did as I did."

She lifted her eyes appealingly to his grave face. There was silence for a moment. Perhaps in that moment the knowledge that he had failed in his duty was more bitter to Colonel Warwick than anything else, even the realization that he had been deluded.

"Please forgive me!" she pleaded. He aroused himself and looked at her. Her face was like that of a grieved child pleading for forgiveness. He smiled very sadly. "My father was in danger; there was no other way to save him. Tell me you do not quite despise me," flushing painfully.

"It would be impossible for me to despise you," he replied, gently. "In a way, I must admire you." She looked at him surprised. "For a girl as innocent and as pure as you, it required a great deal of moral courage to play such a part," he explained.

"It was very hard to do," she murmured, ruefully.

"Love is a powerful incentive," he said.

"And you forgive me?" she again pleaded.

"I bear you no ill will, my child," he replied, gently. "But I cannot quite forgive myself. I have failed in the performance of my duty. I received orders today from General Sheridan, any commanding officer, to take every precaution to prevent any intercourse between the Confederate officers, Major Foster and Lieutenant Allan, and their families."

"It is all so very dreadful!" cried Marguerite, pale and distressed. "I am sorry, Colonel Warwick, but I could not help myself. I had to protect my father at all costs.

"I understand," he said, quietly. "We will say no more about it. And, now, good night and good-by."

She looked at him in a startled manner. "Good-by?" she repeated, questioningly.

"Yes." He hesitated as to whether he should tell her that he intended reporting his dereliction of duty at headquarters. No, he would not; it would be cruel to distress her any further, he decided. "I am going to apply for a transfer of command," he explained. Her head dropped, she remained silent. "God bless you, child!" he added, with a sigh. "May peace and happiness be yours when this cruel strife is ended." He turned away.

She stood watching him, with a look of pain in her wide eyes, until he was lost to sight among the white tents on the opposite side of the turnpike.

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Keeping Accounts.

Mrs. Barker, fresh and dainty, clearly in a mood to welcome any pleasure that came her way, gazed with sympathetic irony at her flushed and weary sister.

"I hope," she observed, "that you feel virtuous enough to pay for wasting a perfectly beautiful afternoon over those old accounts. If you liked the things! But to tire yourself half to death over them, when you always did detest arithmetic from the time you learned that two and two were always expected to make four! Helen Avery, you're the very biggest sort of goose. What in the world is the use of it? If the money's spent, it's spent."

"But it helps, to know how it was spent," Mrs. Avery replied. She had said it a hundred times before, for Anna's whimsical earnestness always roused her to defense.

"I don't see how," her sister retorted, obstinately, "And, besides, I always remember, anyway. I wanted you to go down to the chrysanthemum show with me, and then to the Brown Betty for tea, but I see it's no use asking you. Good-by! I hope you'll discover the missing thirty-seven cents. It always is thirty-seven cents, isn't it? I'd charge it to jewels and be done with it."

And with a gay little flirt of her pretty gown, Mrs. Barker departed.

Mrs. Avery sat idle for a moment. Somehow, with the rustle of those departing skirts in her ears, the work did seem foolish. Then with a resolute sigh, she turned again to her task. She had tried Anna's way, and she had always run several dollars over her allowance. No, there was nothing for her but this.

Three days later Anna appeared again, half-merry, half-rueful.

"Jenny's left me," she began.

"Jenny left you! Why, I thought she was perfectly contented!"

"So she was until—I lost five dollars. I wanted it for a chiffon waist I saw the other afternoon—marked down from ten dollars. I hunted everywhere for that five dollars, and finally asked Jenny. Of course I didn't say she took it, but I couldn't think of any other way it could have gone. I lay awake over it half the night before I asked her. And she was insulted, and packed her things and walked out of the house. And this morning I suddenly remembered——"

"What?" Mrs. Avery prompted, breathlessly.

"That I had given Mrs. Colton five dollars Sunday for my missionary dues."

"Oh, Anna!" Mrs. Avery's voice was all sympathy.

"So," Anna continued, facing her sister bravely, 'I've come to ask you where you buy your account books."

"Wade & Wheeler's, but——"

Mrs. Barker was already halfway downstairs. "I'm going to get enough to last twenty years!" she called back.

* * *

To Try it on Cat.

"It's a Rockefeller fake," said a Philadelphia broker, according to the New York Tribune, "one of those innumerable Rockefeller fakes that float around the country, but, fake or not, I'll tell it to you.

"John D. (so the fake runs) got a very suspicious-looking cake by mail one day. He wrapped it up in a newspaper and took it to a chemist.

"'Is this likely to be poisoned?' he asked.

"'It certainly looks like a poisoned cake to me,' said the chemist. 'Leave it here.' And he smelled it, then he tasted and spat out a very tiny currant. 'Leave it here, Mr. Rockefeller. I'll analyze it for you.'

"'How much will the analysis cost?'

"'Ten dollars, sir.'

"John D. bundled up the cake in the newspaper again.

"'Humph!' he said, as he tucked it under his arm, "it'll be cheaper to try it on Archbold's cat.'"

Alice Clement, Detective

A GREEN GOODS GAME

By COURTNEY R. COOPER

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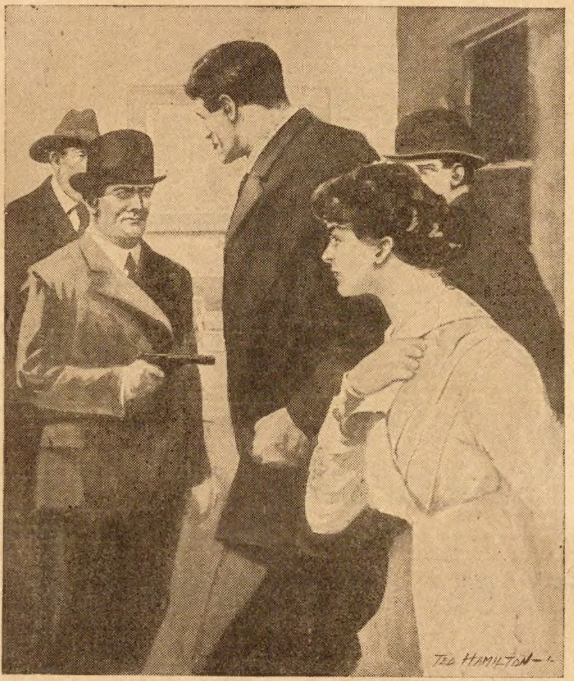
(Editor's Note—On the payroll of the municipal detective department of the city of Chicago appears the name of Alice Clement, sleuth. To the trackers of men who make their headquarters at the bureau at 179 North La Salle street, she is known as "Alice of the Smile." Fearless, resourceful, dangerous in a hundred simple little disguises which mask her, yet do not hinder her, she has found the evidence which has sent many a man and many a woman to the penitentiary. There is hardly a dangerous dive of the great city which she, in her twelve years of detective life, has not visited. More than once has her life been in danger, many times has she been compelled to use the dirk or the revolver that she carries for protection. And yet, through it all, she has remained pretty, vivacious, full of life and the love of living—and always deserving of her name, "Alice of the Smile." Too, she has always remained reticent, non-communicative about her adventures, until Mr. Cooper persuaded her to tell her adventures for the first time.)



At the crucial moment, walked in.

QUEER, isn't it, how you'll be talking to some one upon some very, very absorbing topic, suddenly to awaken in a sort of way and ask yourself how on earth you ever happened to get started on that subject. As I remember it, Miss Clement and I had been discussing the high price of real estate along Lake Shore drive, when all at once we discovered that we were talking about poetry in the most earnest manner. I looked at Miss Clement; she looked at me. Both of us smiled foolishly.

"What on earth ever switched us from real estate to poetry?" I asked, and she laughed. We were strolling along through the damp of a summer mist. Our jaunting clothes on, happy in the freshness of the atmosphere and the coolness of the breeze as it drifted in from the lake; not caring whether we became wet or not—just joyous in the knowledge that life was good and that we were a part of it. Miss Clement and I take many a stroll that way. Sometimes I do the talking; most of the time, however, I draw her out to make the conversation, for she is the interesting one. And as I looked into that face of rosy cheeks, full red lips, and snapping eyes, I wondered what today would bring, what experience of the past. She was still endeavoring to trace back our conversation to the point where real estate had become meter and rhyme—but she had failed.

"I can't trace the poetry," she said with a little shake of her head, "but I can remember the time when poetry traced a green goods man and traced him into the penitentiary at that. It was not so very long ago, either."

There was a time, when reminiscence crowded upon her, that Miss Clement would ask me if I cared to hear the story. That time is past now, for she knows better. And so she began the recital as we strolled along the dripping drive, where the trees hung low and where the birds, imprisoned by the dampness, cheeped disgustedly at the weather.

"For a couple of weeks," she began, as we strolled along, "men of every type had been walking into detective headquarters with looks of disgust on their faces and long stories on their tongues. It was the old green goods story—or rather a story that was a little better, for this was the case of a money machine."

"A money machine?" I asked.

"Exactly; put in a dime and draw out a dollar. Or better still, draw out thousands. There were cattlemen, there were farmers, there were even business men. It seemed that they would meet their money machine friend at night, around the city somewhere, become interested in the fresh, clean bills he had, and finally become excited enough to believe his story. And the story was not bad," Miss Clement added, with a little smile. "He had formerly worked in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Finally he got the secret of how to make the impress of money and then print more just like it. It was a mint, you see. But the difficulty was—every green goods man has a little difficulty, you know, which keeps him from turning out all the money in the world, and keeping it for himself—that all this money he made was brand new, and if he kept spending new money all the time he would be caught. And therefore, he was now in the philanthropic business of exchanging new money for old, at reduced prices. So, if you had $1,000 on which you wanted to make a quick investment, he would be very glad to put it into the machine and turn you out $10,000 in clean new bills for it, simply to get the old money. Nice little scheme, don't you think?"

"But——" I interrupted.

"How did he fool his victims? Very easily. There would be two packages of supposed money. One really contained bills. The other contained nothing but tissue paper. He would take his victim to some out-of-the-way place, pretend to give him the package of money and hand him the package of tissue paper instead, with instructions that it was dangerous to open the same before he got home. And then—well, when he got home, he would hurry for the police station with his tissue paper in his hand.

"And so this thing had gone along for two weeks. It seemed that the maker of money was everywhere, and there was no way to stop him. A general alarm was sent out among the detectives and I was one of those who received it. Description? Oddly enough, there was none. It seemed the green goods man was a man who could disguise himself naturally. One man would describe him with a twisted mouth. Another time he would have a Jewish appearance. On other occasions he would seem somewhat epileptic and his face would have a contortionistic appearance. All we had to go on were his height, weight, and the color of his eyes and hair. And at that, I've seen mighty few persons who could describe the same man alike even in these details.

"But we started to work, and one morning there walked another victim into detective headquarters with his little bundle of tissue paper. We heard the story, and as the man talked, I began to finger the bogus bundle. As I did so, there began to come a few inspirations into my mind. The tissue paper was short and square and folded. It struck me all of a sudden that it was of the type used for shaving paper in barber shops. Suddenly as I started to crumple the paper in my hand, I stopped and looked at it. Some of it bore the marks of a pencil. I began to examine the pieces, one by one. At last I grasped one close and held it closer to the light. I read:

" 'Sunset and evening star
  And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
  When I put out to sea!'

"I whirled. Something had flashed through my head. Here on the evidence of thievery, some one had written a stanza of Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar.' I approached the captain, for a wild idea had come.

" 'If you please, I would like a little expense money on this case,' I told him. 'I may be wrong in my belief, but I've got a little lead that may turn out something.'

"I received the money, and then started out. The loop district looked like the best chance for me and so I started around there. The first day I made eight barbershops and——"

"Made them?" I interrupted. "I don't believe I quite understand."

"Why," Miss Clement answered, "I simply covered them like a salesman would cover a line of stores. And incidentally, I had become a salesman. I had figured it out that my man would be either a poetic barber or a poetic candy merchant of some kind. I knew some one who had something to do with tissue paper of that size was either a barber or a candy man. In one place it would be used for the shaving. In the other, it would be used in putting the dressing in candy boxes. And so, I got a job with a candy manufacturer I knew and started out to drum up trade.

"And you know," Miss Clement added with a smile, "in walking around Chicago, where the wind is always blowing, one's face gets mighty grimy and dusty. There is nothing that takes the dust away like a massage. And so, between every candy store, I would manage to become grimy enough to need the assistance of a barber. I always did hate to go to these feminine hairdressing establishments," she smiled at me, "and so I just acted like a man, walked into the barbershop, sat down in the chair and ordered a massage.

"When the night of the first day came, my face was as sore as a boil. The next day I decided that I had better change my method until my face got over the various rubbings it had received the day before, and so I found that my hair was giving me a headache and needed a good combing. Ten times that day I went into barbershops and had my hair combed, then dressed by the manicurist. No luck.

"Nor were the candy stores any more enlightening. The men I saw were sordid brutes. They had no more poetry in their systems than a block of wood. I began to realize that I was working on a mighty slim clew, to begin with, that it was wild in the extreme and that there was little chance of me winning out in my fight to catch a man simply through the fact that there had been some poetry written on tissue paper. But I persisted just the same.

"And things steadily grew worse. The loop district was covered, I did every barbershop and every candy store in the radius of the confines of L structures which go to make up the real business district of Chicago. In not one of them could I find a man whose face or whose personality at all tallied with that of the one I sought. After all, I had been foolish. I had spent a lot of good money on a quest that I should have known, before I started, would be fruitless. Yet something impelled me to keep on.

"I visited every shop in the tougher districts of the city. Not an item of evidence did I find. I went out into the residence districts; and then, in a small, two-man shop, I saw some shaving paper of exactly the kind of which the fake 'money bundle' had been prepared. I took hope—then lost it again. The owner of the shop was small and dull-eyed, and a glance at him showed that by no possibility could he be the man described by the various victims. The other barber was nearer the size I sought, but it seemed that there was a plodding something, a characteristic about him that never had been described. But just the same, I determined to take a chance. I got into his chair and called for a massage.

"As he worked I tried to study his face (whenever I could keep my eyes open) to see if there I could find the criminal lines that would depict the kind of man I sought; or if I could find that softer something which would show that he was the sort of a man who could appreciate a poem of the depth and the beauty of Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar.' But it was useless. For once in my life I was stumped. I have always prided myself that I can read faces and see the character outlined there, and in every case with the other men I had studied I had even been able to tell what their best girls looked like. But here——."

Miss Clement shrugged her shoulders, pursed her lips and spread forth her hands to the drizzling rain. I turned a pair of inquiring eyes to her.

"What was the trouble?" I asked.

"Simply this: that man's face might as well have been dough, as far as any expression was concerned. There did not seem to be a single bit of expression to the eyes, and his face did not change once. It interested me, that countenance, I studied it and studied it, yet I could derive nothing from it. I determined that as soon as the massage was over, I would get my hair combed for about the 900th time and see if conversation would do any good.

"And for a half-hour I talked, trying to draw him out, endeavoring to learn whether or not he knew anything of literature; but his answers were almost invariably in monosyllables. I gave up the attempt and left the shop.

"That night as I was returning to my apartment, I chanced, in changing cars, to again pass the little shop where I had wasted so much of my good time. I was tired, more than that, I was weary, ready almost to go to the captain and tell him that I had made a failure of everything and that my great clew had been nothing more than the wild dream of a woman's brain, intangible, impractical. It was just about at that moment that I noticed my shoestring had become untied. I stopped to retie it, and as I rose, a figure approached and passed me. That figure I knew, there was something about the general bearing of the man that was familiar, mighty familiar to me. And yet, it seemed I had never seen the face before. True, the contour was similar, the color of the hair and the eyes was the same as that of the man in the barbershop. But that was all. Almost involuntarily I turned and followed him a few steps. Then I gasped. I heard him begin to whistle the first few bars of 'The Melody in F.'

"And then I understood. I was on the right track after all. Putting two and two together, judging from the various descriptions of the men who had been fleeced, here was a man who had the power, seemingly, of not only changing his face, but his whole bearing whenever it suited his purpose. I had studied his appearance in the barbershop, I had taken in every detail of his clothing, and had it not been for that and for that fact, too, that I had seen him leaving the shop, I never would have been able to recognize him. But now I was sure!

"A great feeling of relief surged through me; I knew now that I could go to the captain and tell him a different story from the one I had been planning a short time before. More than that, I would be the means of bringing in a criminal who was dangerous in the extreme, who would represent all the finer arts of trickery and whom it would be a triumph to put behind the bars of a penitentiary. Hurriedly I started toward my car, that I might hasten to police headquarters and arrange for the arrest the next morning.

"Then, just as suddenly, I halted, and although a queer fear ran through me, I could not help laughing at the funny possibilities of the situation. Just suppose," Miss Clement began to chuckle as she thought of it, "just suppose that this man should have still another 'face' which had never been used, so to speak, and no one could identify him? And that identity would be all upon which I could have my case. I had none of his paraphernalia, not a witness had been able to tell where he was taken when the money machine did its work and ground out the supposed fortunes, and so all I would have to show to a court would be a group of disgruntled men who would swear that they had been robbed, but in a place they could not point out and by a man they could not identify. I decided all at once that this was not a time for making arrests. There must be evidence and it was up to little Alice to get it."

She smiled as she said that, and—for a few moments we walked along in the mist, I whistling, she taking in the bright freshness of the trees and the grass and shrubbery with her snapping, liquid eyes. By and by she took up the thread of her narrative.

"I resolved that if it took me a month, I would get that man to talk to me. And the next day I began my campaign by walking into the barbershop and climbing into his chair.

"'I believe you are a wizard,' I said to him?

"'Why?'

"'Why?' I laughed. 'For three months I have been suffering from afternoon headaches. Yesterday I came in here and had you comb my hair. And when I walked out, my headache was gone. I'm back for another dose of the same prescription.'"

"Oh, flattery!" laughed Miss Clement, "your power is greater than even gold! My little speech pleased him. He laughed and there came a bit of the light to his eyes that I had seen in them on the street.

"'Live in the city?' he asked after a long time.

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I just came here from Louisville. I had always lived there, but when my husband died, I just determined that I'd sell out everything and move away to a bigger city. It took a great deal more time than I imagined.' I added innocently, 'because when we came to look things up, my husband had about three times as much property as I had thought.'

"That was just another bit of bait upon the hook, and I was wondering whether or not he would swallow it. He gave no evidence of interest. However, there was a smile of geniality on his countenance as he finished the brushing of my hair and stood to one side while I dressed it.

"'Does your head feel better now?' he asked.

"'Very much,' I answered.

"'Then perhaps you will come back tomorrow.'

"'Assuredly so,' I laughed in answer. 'You are the best doctor I ever knew.' I reached into my bag and handed him a twenty-dollar bill. He did not go to the cash register with it. Instead, he took from his pocket three five-dollar bills and four ones and handed them to me. I saw that they were absolutely clean and new, evidently just procured from some bank that morning. And I walked from the shop with a little thump of gladness in my heart. I knew he had been impressed by my story of wealth, and had decided that he would get a portion of my supposed fortune.

"And he began to play on me a game of love. The next day when I came in for my usual headache cure, he asked, if I was not late.

"'I hardly think so,' I answered. 'Why?'

"'Nothing,' he said slowly, 'only it just seems I had been expecting you for a good while, that's all.'

"Cute, wasn't it?" Miss Clement laughed. "Let me tell you that Terrence Laffan (which wasn't his real name at all) certainly knew the game of love. They tell me that a barber is the most dangerous love-maker in the world, anyhow; at least, that's what the new detectives down at headquarters always have said. And certainly Terry didn't miss out on any of the fine points when he was going to college——"

"Barber college, of course," I supplied.

"Here, we're getting away from the story," Miss Clement broke in. "What I was trying to say was that within the next two weeks, Terry Laffan managed to work up the finest case of love at first sight you ever heard of. The fact that he was only a barber, while I was supposed to be a rich woman, didn't worry him in the least. And then the poetry began to spring forth. And all the time, understand, he was changing the bills I gave him and handing me back clean, new money. Once or twice, just to see what would happen, I asked him what it meant, how he happened always to have new money. He only smiled at me. Then he would recite a little strain of mystic verse to me as I sat in the chair, something that would show he was far better read than I. And then one afternoon came the clincher. He pulled a bit of tissue paper from his pocket and handed it to me.

"'I was thinking of you when I wrote that this noon. It's a bit of Omar's philosophy. I often pick up a scrap of paper here and scribble on it.'

"And then, I read:

'Ah, love! could you and I with Him conspire,
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits and then,
Remold it nearer to the Heart's Desire?'

"'Do you mean anything especial by that?' I asked, in a half-joking way. He turned quickly, saw that the proprietor was out of the shop, and then came closer to me.

"'Yes, I do,' he whispered.

"'What?' I appeared surprised.

"'Mrs. Marion,' he said, (that was my name, you know), 'have you noticed anything queer about that money I have been giving you for the last two weeks?'

"'No. Why?'

"'Because it has all been counterfeit, that's all.'

"He was mine at last! My eyes danced as he hurriedly went into his bogus confession of how he had learned the secrets of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington. He told of his money machine, how it could turn out cash like so much printed calico—and then came the real nubbin of the whole affair. He told me of his poor old mother, blind, dying. She was about to be thrown out of her home for a debt of $5,000. He could make the money, it is true, but if he went to the bank with that many fresh bills they would suspect. And so, could I let him have $5,000, providing he would turn me out $10,000 on his trusty machine? Wouldn't I do this for him? Couldn't I see that he loved me, that he held me above all other women on earth?

"'I would talk like this to no other woman,' he pleaded. 'But I love you. Some of these days I am going to ask you that most important of questions that a man can ever ask. I have confessed to you what I never would have confessed to any one," he added, and his eyes shone with a passion I could hardly believe was feigned. 'I have confessed to you; it is within your power to have me put behind bars. But you won't do it, will you?' he pleaded. 'You'll help me—just for this last time, and then I will be through forever. I will be straight from then on. I will lead the life that I should lead. And won't you help me?'

"I gazed at him steadily for a moment. Then I held out a hand.

"'Terry,' I said, 'I'll help you.'

"'Tonight then, at eight o'clock, meet me here. There will be a taxicab to take us to the place where I can make the impressions of the money. Will you have the $5,000 with you?'

"'I will,' I answered.

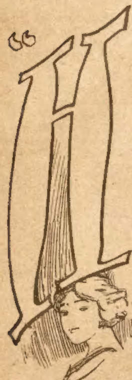
Then Miss Clement stopped and for ten minutes as we walked along, she added nothing to her narrative.

"'Well?' I asked finally, "what's the rest of it?'

"'The rest?" Miss Clement turned to me and laughed. "What rest need there be! There was only one more detail, you see. I met him. I had the $5,000 and we went in the taxicab. But," and there came that mischievous light into her eyes again, "there were certain persons who tagged along behind, who followed that taxicab, who lingered outside of the door to the room in which he took me, and, at the crucial moment, walked in. And when they walked in, Mr. Terry Laffan walked out, with a couple of decorations on his wrists. He's still walking—in lockstep."

In the Ledger of next week another of these thrilling and true stories of Chicago's famous woman detective will appear. It is called "A Game of Hearts," and will make you "sit up and take notice." Don't miss any of these stories as they will not appear in book form.

HER QUICK DEPARTURE



"HOW quiet the house is without Marjory," exclaimed Marjory's mother. "Although she left just a few hours ago, I miss her already. Why, I'm not rested yet after the strenuous work of helping Marjory to get ready for her New York trip on five hours' notice. Such a rush and excitement as we had until she finally boarded the train! I'm glad the rest of you were all out for the day. Well——"

"Mother!" called Marjory's small brother Dick. "I can't find my ice skates anywhere, and Red Perkins is waiting for me at the corner. I had them yesterday, at 6 o'clock and I know I left them here in this corner. I wish people would leave my things alone and——"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Dick," said his mother, "that Marjory took your skates with her. She said her New York friends were great skaters and she didn't think you would care if she borrowed those new skates of yours."

"Well, I like some people's nerve!" wailed Dick. "Of all things! I'll tell her what I think of her when I write!"

"Mother," cried Sibyl from the parlor, "did you see my mandolin? Strange it isn't in its usual place. Bruce is coming down from Highland Park tonight to accompany me on the piano."

"Your mandolin? Yes, Sibyl," answered mother. "Marjory took it with her. She said that her friends praise her playing so much that she wouldn't dare go without being prepared to please them."

"If that isn't dreadful!" moaned Sibyl. "Here is Bruce coming all that distance to practice with me, and my mandolin is gone!"

"Robbers! Burglars! Thieves!" screamed Dorothy, rushing breathlessly into the library. "My pearl opera glasses, my new silver la valliere and my darling gold watch—gone! Gone!"

"Calm yourself, child!" said her mother. "On her way to the station Marjory told me that she had borrowed your jewelry. She said that all New Yorkers wear such loads of it that she felt she must have a few extra pieces with her."

"Oh!" gasped Dorothy. "Well, perhaps I ought to thank her for leaving my bracelet with the broken clasp."

"Sure, ma'am," said Polly, the maid, "I'm lookin' for the electric iron, and it's not to be found nowhere."

"Miss Marjory took it with her, Polly," calmly explained Marjory's mother.

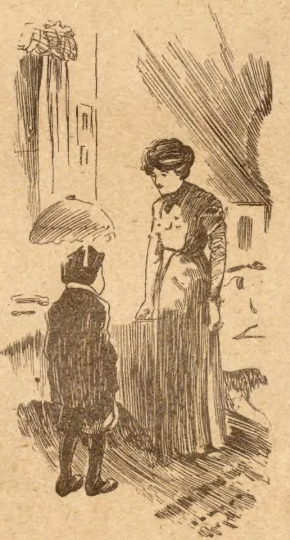
"Come, mother, let's quiet the tangled nerves of this excited family by having a game of duplicate whist," suggested Marjory's father.

"I—I am sorry, dear," said Marjory's mother, "but Marjory told me at the station that she just had to take the new duplicate whist set with her. You see, she didn't have any gift for her host, so she decided that your set would answer the purpose. She will bring you another one on her return."

"I am speechless," exclaimed Marjory's father. "Did that girl take my pipe and my slippers also? I'm glad that I had my watch and chain on my person."

"I find that the only things Marjory desired of mine were my camera and my fountain pen," said Robert, the older brother. "I think I got off easily."

"I should say you did," declared Sibyl.



"I can't find my skates."

"I, who am unfortunate enough to be Marjory's roommate, find the following articles of mine conspicuous by their absence: One pink cloth opera cloak, one blue silk waist, three pairs of black silk stockings, one hat trunk, one pair of white satin shoes, one volume of Browning's poems and two pairs of long white kid gloves. Mother, I think I have cause to be righteously indignant. How long long are my beloved sister and the family possessions going to remain away?"

"She did go in an unexpected rush," explained Marjory's mother, "and as she wasn't at all prepared for her trip she managed in a short space of time to accomplish a great amount of sisterly borrowing. But you children don't seriously care, do you?"

"No," came the answer in a faint chorus.

Robert added: "Let's be thankful that little sister left the four walls and the roof over our heads. I admire enterprise myself. Three cheers for Marjory and her taking ways!"

* * *

A HYGIENIC BABY.

When the baby was about a year old Mrs. Burroughs decided to take him to visit his grandparents on his father's side. It was with many misgivings and worries that she packed the trunk full of sensible, cool clothing for him—scented, though not with sweet sachets that would make them stuffy and insanitary, but with camphor and disinfectants of various kinds.

There was no use Mrs. Burroughs told her husband, in running risks in traveling with unknown people. The best cure was prevention.

The baby's father remarked that she would be thought a traveling saleswoman because of the odors, but she let the remark pass contemptuously. Even when the baby's father held his handkerchief to his nose while he kissed the baby good-by she feigned preoccupation—and so they started.

Throughout the journey the young mother thought out concise sentences whereby she would let her relatives on her husband's side know that the baby was being brought up strictly hygienically. She was sadly afraid that they would think he was the kind of baby that people were allowed to fondle at will. She planned for such emergencies as his grandmother feeding him forbidden things. She had heard or read of grandmothers who were silly and spoiled babies by feeding them candy, piling a lot of toys before them—dust-laden, germ-laden toys that had been lying around since the grandmother's own children's time—and she frowned over what she determined to say that would settle the matter once for all.

Several times she was on the point of turning back—the visit wasn't worth the worry! She was afraid she might be weak when strongly beset, and she felt that giving in even once would set a dangerous precedent.

So when she finally arrived she was ill with a nervous headache, and therefore doubly fearful that if she let the foolish grandparents take the baby they would ruin him before she could interfere. Therefore she carried him herself to the carriage that was awaiting her.

"Well, well!" exclaimed an active, florid man—not grandfatherly by any means. "So this is my daughter—and my grandson!" He shook hands with her heartily. But that was all!

Just behind him Mrs. Burroughs recognized the baby's grandmother and realized that here was where she would need courage—she supposed the grandmother would reach out for the baby at once and would kiss him.

"I'm so glad you've come!" exclaimed the grandmother, cordially. "I've been hoping you'd come to see us ever since you joined the family—and I know, we're going to have a good time! This is our daughter Flo, and our baby Frank. He's probably older than you—but still he's our baby!" She smiled on her son proudly.

No mention had been made of the pink-and-white bundle on her arm! Young Mrs. Burroughs felt a painful tugging at her heart—she wanted to be in her own little home—she was homesick! Yet she felt relieved, she told herself, that things were going so well.

Later on, when she came downstairs, after putting fresh dresses on herself and the baby, she instinctively looked for words of approval from her relatives. She even carried the baby so that his rosy smile would greet them. But except for some trivial remark as to his cleanliness they said nothing about him!

The heart of young Mrs. Burroughs grew bitter after two or three days, during which her baby was practically ignored. She was sorry she had come! They might at least show that they appreciated such a perfect specimen as her baby, even if they were inhuman enough not to love him! You would think Frank was the baby and the baby was Frank, from the way the grandmother lavished endearments on the man—and overlooked the baby!

The young mother even hugged the baby one night in the privacy of her room, without first being sure that her dress was perfectly fresh, so that no germs would endanger his little nose or mouth. Then—yes, she kissed him! She was horrified at her own action—but he liked it! So she kissed him again.

"Poor little innocent victim!" she whispered to him. "We'll send for his papa—he'll love his baby!" And so she did.

When Burroughs was to arrive his wife felt, hotly, that there was no danger in her leaving the baby with his grandparents while she met her husband—they'd actually let him cry rather than bother to notice him! So she left him in their care.

Her husband smiled when she told him how she had been treated. Then as they neared the house he stepped softly to the window and called her to his side.

There on the floor, crowing in delight, with cookies in both hands, sat her boy, and beside him in ecstacy were the grandparents playing bear!

"They were acting on orders from me," said the baby's father, while the baby's mother laughed, happily.

Taking his arm, she said: "Let's walk around a little while. They're having such a good time, and we'll spoil it all!"

The Captive Goddess

Or, THE FAR NORTH GUARD :-: By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER X.

THE POWER OF A NAME.

THE captain's suggestion did not fall on greedy ears. The voyageurs were men who never shunned a fight, be it with bare fists or weapons, and they had no kind feelings for the strange men who had dogged them, but they were, first of all, knitted into the fabric of their calling and a breathing part of its dangers; and, now, their blood stirred as they saw other men of their calling struggling so skilfully and bravely to conquer the fury of the waves. Not one of them hailed with joy the suggestion that they shoot those other men in time of peril, and nobody moved.

"Are you asleep?" cried Gareau. "Your rifles, I say!"

"But, Captain, they cannot land here," remonstrated Martin Derg.

"No, nor harm us," added Grout.

"But we can harm them!"

With this, Gareau, himself, ran and caught up a gun. He did not intend that the strangers should molest him further, and the chance had come, he thought, to end it. One or two men dropped on either the port or starboard side would destroy the equilibrium of action, the boat would yaw, and then, taken at a disadvantage, would upset. Some of the voyageurs followed their leader's example, and they ran closer to the water's edge.

Another flash came, and Gareau, at least, was ready for the cowardly work, but when he would have aimed he could see no target. Foam was being flung high in air, and, with poorer view than when on higher land, the boat was hidden by a gulf into which it had momentarily dropped. The captain's watch brought no further sign of the boat. John Lorrison, being on higher ground, was the only one who saw the additional efforts of the strangers, and Gareau at last comprehended that he had been defeated in his iniquitous purpose.

"Still," he said, thoughtfully, "they passed to windward of the island, and there is almost a certainty that they will blow ashore. Pau, Chalifoux, Huot, and Roussin, come with me!"

Leading his men, he disappeared in the darkness, while the other voyageurs returned to the fire. Lorrison suspected that new indignities had been planned, but, for once, the captain was not in mischief. Half an hour later he reappeared, and with him came his men, bearing a boat upon their shoulders.

"Voila! the beautiful craft!" cried Solime Vager, staring in the same amazement that was upon all others.

Gareau laughed merrily, showing his teeth and snapping his fingers.

"Did I not tell you to trust me?" he exclaimed. "Do you see now why I was willing our old boat should pound to pieces on the shore? Do you remember that, after we landed, I went away briefly? Vraiment! I am no fool! I knew what was here."

"But how," asked Derg, "did you happen to find this beauty?"

"Nothing goes by chance in this world, good youth. Before ever we left Garraway it was settled that this boat should be waiting for us here and our old one be abandoned by us. It did wait, and—see!"

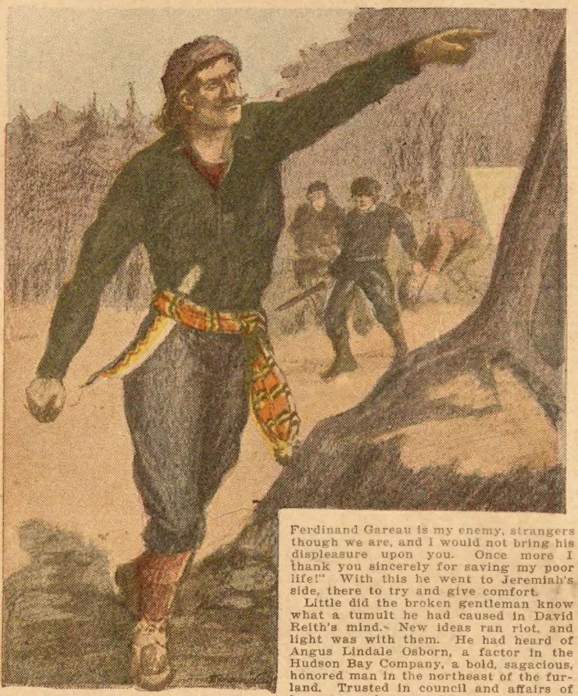
There was an appreciative murmur, but it required some time for the men to study out the situation. They had begun their journey in a heavy inland boat, only to find that the captain looked with contempt upon the so-called cargo. Now they had a graceful passenger craft that was far fleeter than its predecessor, and could be propelled with much less outlay of muscle. Surely, it was a great find, and they examined it critically and admiringly.

"Now," their leader continued, "we have a boat that we will guard as carefully as we would our lives. No neglect with this beauty at our call. It was brought here a few days ago by two voyageurs who waited for us. They also had a smaller boat. I sent them in that to search for the hounds who dog us, but where the wind has driven them I know not. As for the strangers—I wish I knew whether they landed on Isle Boisee or were carried past."

"Shall I go and look?" asked Chalifoux.

"Yes, take Vager and go. Stay! I will accompany you. Martin Derg, keep camp while we are gone."

They hastened away, while most of the others still hovered over the new craft and surveyed its every point in the light of the fire. David Reith, standing at one side, was approached by Lorrison



"We will make eight graves in the wilderness."

"Your name, I think," said the latter, "is Jean Huot?"

"Yes," said David, quietly.

"It was you who caught me in your arms when I was cast up by the water as my canoe went to wreck. Is it not true that you pulled me clear of the boiling flood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sir, I am very grateful. Valueless as my life seems, I cling to it tenaciously, and that it is still mine is due to you. Believe me, I am grateful, very grateful."

"I am glad I could aid you," the secret agent replied, simply.

"And, somehow, I am glad it was you. I have noticed that your face has more of honesty, openness, and intelligence than those of your boatmates, and that is much in the plan of life. This, sir, is not idle flattery."

Lorrison glanced about him nervously to see that nobody else heard, and then hurriedly added:

"The young lady who is with us, who is she?"

Reith grew keenly attentive.

"Except that she is addressed as Mademoiselle Prefontaine, I don't know, and I think only Gareau is aware who she is."

Whither is she being taken?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you know your own destination?"

"I do not."

For a moment Lorrison was bewildered, but gradually it came to him that it was natural mere voyageurs should be excluded from secrets.

"It is remarkable that she is being taken into the wilds, especially as she evades explanation herself. Prefontaine! It is wholly a French name, but she does not look like one of that blood. It is strange that she much resembles one I once knew, one of pure Scotch origin. Voyageur, did you ever hear her mention the name of Osborn?"

"She has mentioned no name in my hearing," Reith answered.

"It perplexes me. There was a fur-trader, Angus Lindale Osborn, perhaps yet living, though I have no knowledge on that point. His wife, now deceased, was in early life like what Mademoiselle Prefontaine is now. Hair, eyes, general cast of features—the young lady surely resembles Jeannette Osborn!"

"But you say she is dead?"

"She is, and, even if living, she would now be forty years old. But she had a daughter Naomi who would now be about twenty—but it is impossible that Naomi should be here. Voyageur, it may not be well for me to speak with you further. Ferdinand Gareau is my enemy, strangers though we are, and I would not bring his displeasure upon you. Once more I thank you sincerely for saving my poor life!" With this he went to Jeremiah's side, there to try and give comfort.

Little did the broken gentleman know what a tumult he had caused in David Reith's mind. New ideas ran riot, and light was with them. He had heard of Angus Lindale Osborn, a factor in the Hudson Bay Company, a bold, sagacious, honored man in the northeast of the furland. Trusted in council and affairs of importance, he was of Scotch blood. And David had heard that he had a daughter Naomi.

Now he was startled by the thoughts that pressed upon him. Had the daughter of the factor chief been lured away? Were the Goddess and Naomi one?

The outline of the plot of the Northwest Fur Company was unfolding itself to him, and though he could not surmise what had led to such a step, he believed that Osborn's daughter had been tricked, lied to, and lured away for some nefarious purpose. And David Reith, who would gladly have befriended her, was one man in the midst of the many who were her foes.

While he was still thinking, Lorrison, having finished giving consolation to Jeremiah, had turned away and was standing by the fire, when he saw the Goddess come to the door of her tent. A sudden impulse to test an idea came over him, as he walked to her side.

"Why," he asked, "do you not seek rest, Miss Naomi?"

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Goddess had greeted Lorrison with a bright, friendly smile, and she heard the name applied to her without perceptible surprise.

"I am not sleepy," she replied, "and the lure of the wild places is over me. I wanted to look at the brave voyageurs of our party——"

The tribute to them turned her companion's mind in a different direction, and he briefly abandoned his test.

"Are you sure—quite sure—that you do well to trust them?"

"You do not know as I do," she returned, vaguely but decidedly.

"I admit that, but are they men of honor, and are their intentions toward you really friendly? I have grave doubts——"

He stopped short. Ferdinand Gareau and his two men came walking into camp, and Lorrison, suddenly worried, made haste to get away with his uncompleted undertaking a complete failure. He hoped to escape the captain's notice, but he went with worry in his mind. Had Gareau seen him? He knew later.

Gareau reported that no other men had been found, and sat down for a smoke. When it was finished he crossed over to Lorrison's side and, abruptly but very quietly, began to speak.

"Down near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River pirate vessels sailed in days gone by."

Lorrison started, looked hard, and changed color.

"One of these ships," Gareau pursued, "was called the Beating Wing. The captain was Sandy Michaels, the first mate Frote Danquay, the second mate Alfred Lotte."

The speaker, looking fixedly at Lorrison, saw a man pallid and trembling, but his own expression was grim and changeless.

"Wild things were done under that black flag," he went on. "Plunder was the lure of the captain and crew, and they sought for it—in a word they were full-fledged pirates. Desperate fellows were those gentlemen of the black flag. Do I interest you, Mr. John Lorrison?"

The listener's lips moved but no word came forth.

"The crews of peaceful ships fared hard at their hands. Some were killed in fight, others set adrift, others forced to walk the plank. Every man of the Beating Wing was a merciless murderer."

Again he paused; again there was silence.

"Do you agree, Mr. Lorrison?" asked Gareau, deliberately.

"I—I don't know," faltered Lorrison.

"Give your opinion. Speak for Alfred Lotte, second mate!"

"What do you mean?" almost whispered Lorrison.

"As you were then Alfred Lotte, you ought to be able to speak for him."

"You talk widly."

"We will see. Let me clinch matters with a trivial recollection. A summer day; a hot sun and no air. Alfred Lotte in charge of the deck. He reaches out his hand to receive something from Peter Allen, able seaman, but, before he can take it, a diamond ring drops into the open palm, seemingly from the sky. Matter being reported to Captain Michaels and Michaels being half-drunk, much uproar and profanity follow, for Michaels swears ring was stolen from him. He doubts honest Alfred Lotte and is barely prevented from shooting him. Trouble finally averted, and ultimate explanation is that a sailor stole the ring and hid it in the rigging, and that it fell of its own volition when it tumbled into Lotte's hand. Now, the only importance to be attached to this little story is this: He who tells it must have been there, even as Alfred Lotte was."

Lorrison had listened attentively. He now nervously demanded: "In Heaven's name, who are you?"

"Do you remember Patches, the cabin boy?"

"Yes."

"I was Patches."

Lorrison said nothing, but his face was that of one without hope.

"Patches," added Gareau, "was aged twelve, small of size, homely, freckled, ill-fed, saucy, full of tricks, an essence of deviltry, and the despair even of the pirates. They were peaceful when asleep, but Patches never slept—so they claimed. Yes, I was Patches!"

Lorrison sat stunned and still.

"And you," calmly added Gareau, "were Alfred Lotte, pirate mate!"

"Unwillingly!" cried the broken man. "I was kidnaped, taken on board the Beating Wing, and kept there against my will."

"Do they make pirate mates of unwilling men?" sneered Gareau.

"It was done then. My duties were nominal, except for seamanship. I mean that I was never—never active in plotting evil deeds, and, sir, my hands are free from blood!"

"Pirate hands usually are, if you let the pirate tell it."

"But I say I was kidnaped——"

"Oh! yes, but you were there, Mr. Alfred Lotte, pirate. You see that I know your precious history well. Oily gentleman now, and pirate then! No need to dwell upon it, but this will I say: Unless you keep hands off in this party, I will send you to the gallows!"

"Have I troubled any one here?"

"Whom were you talking with a moment ago?"

"The girl was kind to me, after my shipwreck."

"Is that all?"

"All?"

"You seem to want plainness, and you shall have it. The real name of Alfred Lotte, pirate, was Alexander MacNord. He had a sister Jeannette. You know the rest. I speak frankly, because I know you have recognized mademoiselle. You are her uncle!"

Lorrison was silent. He sat a weak and hopeless man, drooping of figure and ashen of complexion.

"There you have it," pursued, Gareau, curtly. "Fate, delighting in strange pranks, has seen fit to bring you and your niece together. That does not please me, and I confess, Alfred Lotte, pirate, that you walk on shaking ground. I am the protector and friend of mademoiselle. I will not have her meddled with. No!" added the captain, with a spasm of virtuous indignation, "and I will not have her associate with pirates."

"Believe me," returned Lorrison, wearily, "I have no desire to make my identity known."

"Then why do you talk so much with her?"

"I am not aware that I have talked much with her. A few words we surely have exchanged but no more. She is good and winning; she cared for me in my stricken state. I am grateful, and I said as much."

"Are you sure you did not tell her you were her uncle?"

"I swear that I did not, nor do I wish her to know it."

"Good! Keep your secret and live, or tell it and go to the gallows!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE EYE OF FIRE.

It was two hours later, and Lorrison was lying sleepless outside the circle of light, when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"What is it?" he asked, with weary indifference.

"I am Huot. You spoke with me a while back, and I want to see you again. Come at once, and very softly."

Lorrison cast off his blanket and followed. When beyond the reach of voices, the voyageur paused.

"Sir," he said rapidly, "we must to business abruptly. You mentioned the young lady and seemed interested in her."

"She is good and noble," replied the broken gentleman, earnestly, "and she is in bad company. I have no favorable words for your leader."

"Do you know why she is with him?"

"I do not. She is the daughter of a man rich in worldly goods, and has moved all her life in the best society of the fur-land. Why is she here? Jean Huot, I feel that I can trust you. I know more about her identity than I did. She is daughter of Angus Lindale Osborn of the Hudson Bay Company. So why—why is she here with a crew of dubious men?"

"If you knew her to be in great danger, what would you do for her?"

"Work, fight, and, if need be, die for her!" said Lorrison, vehemently.

"You have said what Osborn is. Do you know that Ferdinand Gareau is one of the most loyal adherents and most desperate fighters of the Northwest Company?"

"Just Providence!" exclaimed the gentleman, nervously clasping his hands. "Then why is Osborn's daughter with him?"

"There you have the meat of the mystery. That she should turn against the H. B. C., after her father has served that company so long, is impossible to believe. Hence, we can only believe that she has been tricked and lured away by enemies."

"But why should she be?"

"It is a deep mystery. And it is what I want you to learn. Her safety, perhaps her life, is at stake. Yes, and more. Cannot we save her? As matters are now she is mute. Tricking her, they have clearly pledged her to silence about something. What? That's the question. Can you learn, and from her own lips? I dare not speak. I am a voyageur, and the only strong man here who would raise a hand for her. Ferdinand Gareau must not suspect me of treachery to him."

"True, true! Friend, I am glad that your conscience is a good one, and that you have no love for these monsters. I am glad to find such a man among the rank and file of the boatmen."

David Reith smiled faintly. Little did Lorrison suspect that he was, not a mere voyageur, but a secret agent risking his life for great ends.

"Can I learn from her?" repeated Lorrison, slowly. "I don't know. Amiable as she is, she is not confidential, and Gareau has only this night ordered me to keep wholly away from her. If I disobey, and he learns of it, he will shoot me. Of that I feel sure. Pray don't think I am swayed by cowardly fear, but dead, I can do her no good. How—how can I get her secret without revealing my purpose to Gareau?"

Reith hesitated. Well did he know that Gareau's powers of mischief had been only too correctly described. He would take Lorrison's life without compunction, if he suspected anything. As neither of her friends could safely talk with her, even briefly, how could they talk long enough to win her confidence, persuade her that she was trusting in her foes, and then learn her secret? That would require much time, and while they talked they might be shot down by the relentless captain.

"Gareau cannot always be on the watch," finally reminded Lorrison.

"He has the Indian woman and seven voyageurs to help him."

"Cannot Life Hand be bribed?"

"Impossible!"

"I had not supposed Indians beyond the power of temptation."

"Study Life Hand, and you will never dream of tempting her. We might as well talk to barren rocks; yes, better, for they would not betray us. Life-Hand would."

"And the men?"

"If we had a pile of money here, so well guarded that they could not take it from us by force, we could buy them up with it. Money, placed before their eyes—not money promised, mind you—would buy them personally, in personal cases. I use these words, because, when it comes to the matter of the rival fur-companies, they are such zealous Northwesters that I should despair of buying their allegiance to the Hudson Bay Company. Rivalry is bitter now, and they are stubborn adherents of the Northwest concern."

"Not one man to aid us?"

"Not one!"

"Then what are we to do?" asked Lorrison, despairingly.

"First of all, we must make the girl understand that she is being tricked. If we could talk to her, tell her the truth, and—and make her believe us——"

Reith stopped and was silent.

"Surely," exclaimed Lorrison, "we can convince her. Why not?"

"Because she is a loyal Hudson Bay sympathizer, and thinks herself with those of like faith; and because there is a mystery of which we know nothing. Probably, she, too, has been cautioned against outside influences."

"A gloomy outlook!" murmured the elder man.

"True! Well, sir, we cannot improve it by standing here, and our absence may be noted. We must return to camp and act our part. But if you can talk with her, and convince her, do it."

"Gareau will not let me leave this island with his party."

"His party will not soon leave. We are in for a long storm, and no boat can go forth from Isle Boisee. That is our chance. Meanwhile, watch, work, act the part of innocence, and hope for the best. Now, you had better go to your blanket."

Lorrison went, but David stood still until his late companion was lying down and covered. Then the voyageur turned and entered the woods. He had another card to play. Believing that the strange party of boatmen had landed on the island, he wanted to know who they were. Were they adherents of one of the fur-companies, or semi-outlaws? If they served under the flag of the H. B. C., he had allies at hand. If they were idle vagabonds, promise of money might tempt them to force hostilities with Gareau's party.

In theory he placed them with the latter class, for he could explain their recent movements in no other way. They had seemed to have no ambition but to annoy Gareau, meanwhile keeping themselves safe from harm. Fur-trade rivals did not fight in such an insignificant way.

David went to seek these men knowing that Gareau had found nobody, and that, if he came upon them, they were as likely to prove his enemies as anything else. And a slip in his calculations meant that he would probably leave his bones on Isle Boisee.

Silently he threaded the wood way, now passing under large trees, and then through undergrowth. He had taken the windward side of the island, believing it the most promising portion, and his caution was great, but when he had reached the farther end and saw open water before him, he had seen nobody. Neither had he discovered a strange boat, but he had not taken the time to be sure on that point.

After a little delay he turned back, changing his course somewhat, but only half the way had been traversed when he came to a sudden halt. In the night blackness a small red spot glowed like an eye of fire. No prolonged scrutiny was necessary to tell that he had the glow of a lighted pipe before him, and he redoubled his caution and crept nearer. He kept on until the mingled odor of tobacco and willow bark came to him, and then paused. He could now tell that the barouge-smokers were two in number, and he had the interesting problem—who were they?

The voices were suddenly raised a little, and one came to him with singular familiarity. It had marked peculiarities, but the identity of its owner puzzled him. Who was he?

The truth came to him abruptly. The man was Ronald MacQuail, a well-known partisan of the Northwest Company, and one high in council. The presence of the partisan showed that he was a friend of Gareau, but it did more, for he was widely known in Rupert's Land.

"Ah!" thought David, "if the Goddess sees him her eyes will be opened!"

CHAPTER XIII.

PISTOL SHOTS.

Some time longer David lingered near the two men, but he finally gave up his vigil. He could not overhear a word, and it was, because of the nature of the intervening ground, simply impossible for him to approach nearer; so, remembering that every moment he was absent from his own camp was filled with possibilities for disaster, he abandoned all efforts and gave his attention to saving himself from trouble. There was no danger that MacQuail would leave Isle Boisee at present.

Retreating skilfully, the voyageur made the return journey and regained the cover of his blanket without trouble. He felt well paid for his scout. Knowledge of MacQuail's presence was highly important, and hope had brightened. The man was widely known in Rupert's Land, and, in the days when the rival fur companies were less bitter toward each other, he had gone about so much that even a woman of the opposing company ought to know him well. Undoubtedly, that was why he now hid, and why, if the Goddess could see him, she would have her suspicions aroused.

As for the prowling strangers in the other large boat, it was not settled that they were not on Boisee. David believed they were there, but he dared give no more time to immediate search.

There had been no cessation of wind, and presently it brought the expected accompaniment. Spurts of rain fell spitefully, and then, with a dash like an army following its skirmishers, the burden of the clouds was fully let loose. Island, tent, and blankets received their baptism, and the voyageurs, aroused, crawled under the upturned boat for shelter, and huddled together to keep dry.

All night the downfall continued, and all the while the wind swept the island and flung the water of the lake wildly; but just before daybreak there was a temporary lull, and the camp became a scene of activity. Then, if ever, was the time to prepare breakfast. The fire was soon going, and the pemmican and tea in preparation.

Gareau spoke to Martin Derg in a low tone, and the voyageur left his companions and went out of sight to the north. Ten minutes later, and just when breakfast was ready, all minor things came to a sudden halt. Off to the north pistol shots sounded. Five or six reports came in rapid succession.

Gareau started from sloth and became alert, keen-eyed and aggressive.

"Martin is attacked!" he cried. "To the rescue, men!"

He started, and his followers were hot at his heels, but at that moment Derg came scurrying through the woods. He moved firmly, and was plainly in full possession of his energies, but he held a ready pistol and looked backward often as he came.

"What is it?" shouted the captain.

"I've found them!" was Derg's brief reply.

"Who?"

"The strangers. Yes, I found them, and they found me! Parbleu! I ran right into them. They gave me this!"

He held up his left hand and flirted off a few drops of red that had trickled down his arm.

"Only a scratch!" he added. "Bah! it is nothing; I laugh at it! Ah! they cannot kill Derg so easy! He was not born to die by any man's bullet, and not those fellows, I snap my fingers at them. Ah!" he added boastfully, "Derg could whip a dozen of them—hein?"

"But where are they?" demanded Gareau.

"Le diable! I don't know. Running yet, maybe; perhaps sticking their heads in holes and crying for help. Derg ran them all off!"

Martin was in his element. He had been in a skirmish and come off with renown, and his blood bounded warmly. It was not his way to reject the laurel wreath of the hero, and now, lest it might not be offered by others, he was quick to claim it, himself.

"Tell me all in few words," commanded Gareau, sharply.

"Well, mon capitaine, I went to see if anybody was there. I was going cautiously when they ran plump into me. Vraiment! our pistols leaped to our hands like boats running the rapids. They fire; I fire! I laugh at them; I call them the bad names; I whistle at them and say, 'Come, little doggies!' But they go, instead. Ah! my bullets, they had sung them a song, and they legged it like racers for a prize!"

"How many did you see?"

"Three!"

"Are you sure there were more than two?"

"Sure, Captain."

Gareau breathed a sigh. Some point was settled for him, but it was hard to say whether he was pleased or not.

"I knew one of them!" added Martin, suddenly. "It was Isaac Lane of the H. B. C.!"

"Lane?"

"Ah! it is so, Captain. Lane, the H. B. C. partisan. Do I not know him well? Certainly, for I once went in his brigade, and he has led me four, six, eight weeks."

"So!" muttered Gareau. "Then the men who have dogged us are Hudson Bay men, after all. I know Lane. He was kicked out of the Northwesters, and is now a slave—ay, and a dirty slave—of the H. B. C.! Derg, Vager, and Chalifoux, come with me!"

He led the way, and disappeared northward with the three voyageurs at his heels.

"Voila! we shall have the brave fight!" exclaimed Roussin.

"But Ferd Gareau has not seemed to want a fight," reminded Henri Grout.

"He has no choice now," retorted Findley. "If Isaac Lane is here, he is here to fight, and we shall have our fill. Ah! it is brave news we have, this wet morning—hein?"

They had more to say, but one man in camp was silent. Where all others agreed, David Reith held contrary opinions.

He knew Isaac Lane well by reputation, and slightly in a personal way. Before the rivalry between the hostile fur-companies grew so bitter, Lane, like many another man, had served first with one concern and then with the other, as circumstances and his financial interests demanded. The days of practical warfare found him with the Northwesters, and there he stayed until a year before. Then something happened.

Lane, as chief trader at Fort Chamberlond, handed over the little post to the men of the H. B. C. The Northwesters called it open treachery and ordered that Lane be shot at sight, but he still lived. And David Reith knew the truth.

The trader was addicted to the overuse of intoxicants, and he had lost Chamberlond, not through his treachery, but because liquor had robbed him of his wits for the time being. Then he served with the Hudson Bay Company, but Reith knew a later chapter in his history than was known to the French voyageurs. Intoxicants had again unhorsed the man, and, as captain of a boat, he had, when muddled with drink, lost boat and cargo to the Northwesters, just as he had previously lost Fort Chamberlond.

He had lost more. Knowing that, though he was a brave and skilful man, the Governor of the H. B. C. had ordered that never again should he be given even menial work under the flag of "Pro pelle cutem." Thus, as David knew, but as the others did not, Isaac Lane was a waif of the fur-land.

Gareau and his men soon returned. They had made sure that they were not menaced with immediate attack, and that their foes were, for the time, willing to keep away, and they came back to camp as their natural place of repose. But Ferdinand Gareau carried a dark face and scowled his uncomfortable feelings.

"We are dogged by the men of the H. B. C.!" he growled. "Yes, and they have followed us all the way from Garraway, no doubt. They probably were with us on the Silver Wolf, and we know they were on the lower Red. Now they are with us on Isle Boisee. It is a chase planned before we left Garraway. To the devil with them, say I!"

He fell to gnawing his fingers viciously, and then shot a look at the tent where the Goddess rested.

"If they touch us!" he added, sharply, "we will make eight graves in the wilderness, and they won't be ours, either!"

"Long live the brave captain!" cried Napoleon Pau, and his comrades echoed the sentiment.

This dramatic story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Confession of a Genius.

An inventive genius, who has more mechanical skill than common sense, makes a candid confession in the columns of the Detroit Free Press:

"Of course, I began on perpetual motion," he relates. "That is where a high order of inventive power always begins. I got up a machine that would run from now to the blowing of the trumpet. All you had to do was to keep it oiled. I carelessly neglected to provide for making the thing stationary. It broke through the side of the house, leveled the fence, killed a lot of live stock while on its wild career, and smashed itself against a big oak tree out in Oakland County.

"My next was a flying machine. The defect in this was that I neglected to provide a way for getting down when I was once up. On the trial trip I whizzed up to the neighborhood of Hudson's Bay in an hour, and figured out that I would hit the North Pole for supper unless I could stop the blamed thing. Finally I had to saw off one wing, and took a flop that landed me with a broken leg.

"Upon my recovery I got up a smoke consumer that burned down the first factory that adopted it; and followed that with a toy balloon that carried off three children before I could call in the output of murderous kidnapers. Eighteen months ago I produced a self-propelling bicycle, but the young man who agreed to try it for me was last heard of as making a mile a minute in the Argentine Republic and going south.

"My latest was a device that will stop an electric car in less than its length, though it be going forty miles an hour. I tried it on a local car. The motorman went through the window and the head conductor through the roof projection in the rear. The least damage to any of the passengers was a four-inch scalp wound. The car closed up on itself, and the company has a judgment against me for damages. I am at present driving a delivery wagon."

* * *

Made Resigning Easy.

When Delegate Mark Smith of Arizona was a boy he lived on a big plantation in Kentucky. It was in slavery days, and one of his father's slaves was Uncle Ike, who was the preacher for the place.

Smith's father had built a small church on a corner of the plantation, and Uncle Ike held forth there every Sunday. This was pleasing to Ike, because it not only gave him a chance to exhort the negroes, but it absolved him from any of the Sunday chores.

One Sunday Mark went out by the barn and found Uncle Ike sitting disconsolately under a tree.

"Look here, Ike," said Mark, "why ain't you down there preaching?"

"Well, Mars Mark," Ike replied, "I ain't goin' to preach to dem niggahs no more. They's always fightin' 'mongst theyselves, an' I'm sick an' tired, an' done quit preachin'."

"Stop your lying, Ike," said Mark. "You wouldn't quit such a soft snap as that. What's the matter?"

"Well, Mars Mark," Ike replied, "ef you mus' know, dem triflin' niggahs done sent me my resignashun."

THE VANISHED CAPTAIN

Or, THE STOLEN RED EYE .:.:.:.:

By FRANK E. CHANNON

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CHAPTER V.
AN OUTRAGE.

THE little party had stopped on the landing as this discussion was taking place, the puzzled nephew endeavoring to get some gleam of information or hope from his uncle's old friend; the servant standing nervous and uneasy.

A dramatic climax came suddenly to the little scene. A piercing scream, in a girl's affrighted voice, resounded through the still house. It came from below.

The effect upon the three men was instantaneous, though with different results. Peter jumped as if a load of buckshot had been emptied into him. Young Stamford Hamilton wheeled about, and in two mighty leaps was downstairs. Neither was the Virginian slow in getting into action. With a muttered oath, he sprang down the broad steps, and was in the lower hall scarce a second or so behind his more active host.

"Oh, oh, oh—oh—oh!" cried the girl's terrified voice. "Oh, take it away, do, do—please, please, oh—oh——" The cry of horror trailed away to nothing, just as Stamford burst into the reception-room, followed by Mr. Charrington.

The room was in utter darkness save for the feeble stream of light from the hall lamp. Both staggered back. The hesitation was only for a brief second, but in that fleeting tick both men were fully conscious of the passing of some one—something. There was a rush of wind, a hissing noise that sounded as if steam were escaping from some vent. The distinct sob of a woman was heard—clear, almost heartbreaking, as if the last idol of her heart had been shattered, and then there was silence again. Only for a moment, there.

"Bring that light here!" yelled the old Virginian. The quick patter of the butler's feet was heard behind, coming down the stairs. Next instant a feeble light flickered in the gloom, but it came from the wax match held in the hand of Stamford. It showed the room up in its flickering rays, but Peter had now descended, and the more powerful rays from his lantern gave light on the scene.

"Where are you, girlie?" roared Mr. Charrington, as he pushed his way past Stamford, who now, leaping forward and furiously kicking a chair on one side, leaned over and lifted up the inert form of Miss Irene Charringon. Her eyes were closed, and there was a tiny stain of crimson on the delicately-chiseled upper lip. Her hair was rumpled and the black shoulder strap of her evening gown had slipped down, disclosing some ugly, red impressions on the white flesh, as if caused by the loosened clutch of some would-be detainer.

"Light those damn lights, you idiot!" roared the Virginian.

"Y-y-yes, sir, l-l-light those damn lights, sir, yew hidiot," repeated the nearly distracted servant, his teeth chattering in his head in fright.

"Who put them out?" demanded Stamford.

Ye-y-yes, sir, w'ow put 'em hout, sir, y-y-yes, sir n-no, sir n-not me, sir!" the man babbled on, unmeaningly, as he extracted a match from his pocket and endeavored to strike it with his trembling fingers. "Th—they won't light, sir," he stammered, helplessly, just as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world for matches and lamps to refuse to burn.

"Have you oil in the lamps?" cried Stamford.

"Yes, sir, hoil, hoil in 'em, yes, Master Stamford."

"Then why the devil don't they light, you idiot! Give me the match," interposed Mr. Charrington, seizing the box from the trembling hand of the butler, who, utterly forgetful of his lifelong training, sank wearily into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Get up!" growled Stamford, giving the underpart of the chair a savage kick that lifted the servant onto his feet again.

"The cursed things won't light," muttered the old Virginian, still endeavoring to induce the little lamps to take flame. "Ah, there it is," he went on, as the flame slowly spread over the wick. "What the devil ailed them at first? Lay her on the couch over here, my boy—here, let me see! What's the trouble, girlie, what's the trouble, tell your old 'addy, now, what was it?" he pleaded, enderly, as he got down on his knees nd bent over the prostrate form of his aughter, who, with eyes still closed and truggling breath, shuddered visibly, as e sought to calm her.

"Brandy, smelling salts!" he ejaculated, rsely, snapping his fingers at Peter, who jumped at the sound and then bolted out of the room like a scared rabbit.

"She's met with some kind of a shock," whispered Stamford. "Let me see—ah, here she comes, she's all right, sir; see, she's opening her eyes. What's the matter, Miss Charrington? Tell us, please, what happened?"

The only reply was another shudder and a closing of the frightened black eyes, as if the remembrance of the past experience was too much for her shattered nerves.

"Don't bother her now," almost snapped her father, "that is—excuse me, my lad—but wait until she's more recovered. Don't think about it now, girlie! it's all right; we're here with you—everything's all right, just rest yourself. Here, take some of this," and he snatched the wine glass from Peter's hand. "Salts," he rasped, and the butler thrust the bottle into his hand. "Now, then, drink it down," continued the father, "drink it down, that's a good girl. Ah, now you'll feel better; that's it, sit up a bit, it's all right. Daddy's here; don't worry." So he whispered on as he bent over his daughter and patted her limp, white arm, Stamford standing helplessly by and feeling rather in the way.

"It was—oh, it was awful!" murmured the girl.

"I said not to speak about—not to think about it," commanded her father, sternly. "You do as I say, miss—I say, what a thundering smell of whisky there is in this room. Was that brandy or whisky you brought me, Peter?"

"Yes, sir, brandy, whisky, which, sir? Hi means hit was whisky—Hi means brandy has you hordered, sir."

"Oh, you're a fool!" exploded the Virginian. "But what makes this room smell so thunderingly of whisky, Stamford, my boy?" he continued, turning to his host for an explanation.

"I smell it myself, sir, but I can't imagine where it comes from; we never keep any here."

"Yes—yes," murmured the girl, "that was it; it came first—that horrid smell, so strong, and—and—and then the other thing, oh, dear, my head does ache so." She was almost hysterical now, first half weeping and then laughing, excitedly.

"Will you be quiet!" again commanded her father. "I told you not to think of these things; I'll ask you about them presently when you feel better. Got any—any, oh, anything to soothe her? Have you not got something in the house, Stamford?"

For answer, Stamford darted from the room, almost overturning the hesitating, dodging butler, who tried, in vain, to get out of his way. He was back in a minute with a small bottle in his hand, from which, after carefully inspecting the label and smelling its contents, the Judge painstakingly mixed a small portion with water, and then poured it down the unresisting lips of his daughter, who in a surprisingly short space of time began to rest more easily.

"Once, just before she dozed off, she put her little hand again into her parent's, with a gesture of childlike confidence. "You—you won't leave me, will you?" she whispered.

"No, girlie, I won't leave you; I'm going to stay right here, and Mr. Hamilton is. Just go to sleep, and you'll feel all right," soothingly replied the old Judge.

Another minute and her deep breathing told that the badly frightened girl was unconscious. Then her father arose to his feet, and after another glance to make certain that she was undoubtedly asleep, turned on his youthful host.

"Now, what in the devil can you make of all this, my boy?" he demanded.

Stamford shook his head. Peter still stood in the entrance, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other and licking his lips nervously, his thumb and finger plucking at his scraggy old chin. But suddenly his eyes grew large, his jaw dropped, and his hands fell limply at his side. "D-d-didn't," he began to stammer, and then stopped, staring dazedly at a small object reposing under the little side table.

"Well, what is it now?" demanded Stamford, following the direction of the butler's gaze. Then he, too, stopped, and stood glaring with knitted, darkened brows at the same object. The Judge, turning to see what was claiming their attention, also beheld that same target to which their eyes were riveted, and he, too, started and stood scowling at it.

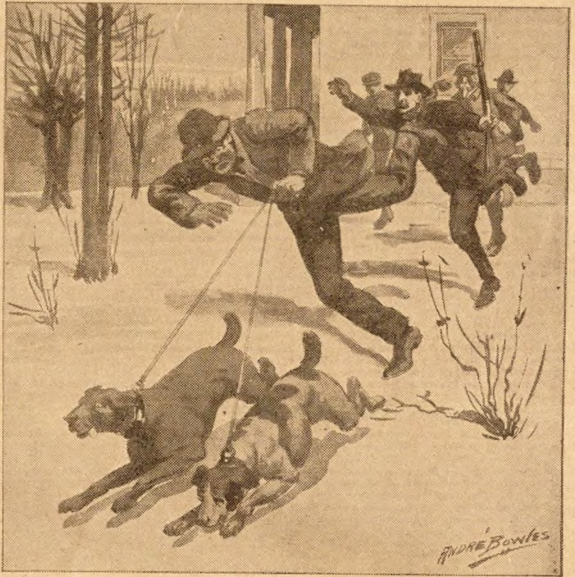
Snugly reposing under the table, as if just carelessly flung there, lay one of the missing Captain's slippers, the mate to the one in the chamber—a curious and striking-looking piece of footwear of crimson and green, on which had been laboriously sewed, until they covered two-thirds of the slipper, a multitude of glass beads.

For a moment neither of the three spoke. Then the Virginian stalked over, and bending ponderously, lifted up the odd-looking thing. He looked it over carefully, as if it had been some rare and precious thing, then he wheeled on the butler.

"You left the mate upstairs, didn't you, Peter?" he rasped, and his voice sounded strange and unreal.

"Yes, sir," groaned the man. "Hi left hit hupstairs, sir."

"Well, damn the thing!" exploded the Judge, and hurled the offending piece of footwear into the corner, where it lay, tilted up on one heel, still conspicuous, as if refusing to be so dismissed in that summary manner.



"We'll strike while the iron is hot."

CHAPTER VI.
IRENE'S STORY.

It was nearly midnight when Miss Irene Charrington slowly came out from the stupor into which she had been thrown by the administration of the narcotic, and meanwhile the Judge and young Hamilton had not been idle. Peter had been dispatched, at the suggestion of Stamford, to the fisherman's shack across the Potomac. The big-hearted Marylander had at once responded to the summons, and he and the butler were now in the house. The mastiff,

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Siguford, had been discovered curled up under the serving table in the butler's pantry, and only after considerable coaxing had he been induced to come out. He slunk along at his master's heels like a beaten cur, looking neither to left nor right, but only following evidently under compulsion.

"Most singular behavior of the beast," observed the Judge, his keen old eyes fixed upon the dog.

"What's the matter, Sig?" demanded Stamford, sternly. "Wake up, old chap, wake up!"

The only response was a nervous movement of the great dog's tongue, and an apprehensive glance out from the corners of his bloodshot eyes.

"He appears to have caught some of Peter's terror; the thing's contagious," laughed Mr. Charrington.

"Look, Ben!" cried Stamford, calling to the fisherman. "Did you ever see Siguford act as he's doing now?"

The giant slowly observed the mastiff. "All right, all right!" he muttered. "All right, old boy!" The dog gratefully licked his hand and crouched yet nearer to him. "Scared," laconically remarked the fisherman.

"Peter, make Mr. Oliver comfortable, commanded Stamford, "I'll be with you in a few minutes, Ben," he added, and then rejoined Mr. Charrington in the receptionroom, where the old lawyer had gone to be with his daughter. The Virginian glanced up as the young Englishman entered, and nodded reassuringly. "She's quite all right now," he said, "and she wishes to tell us just—just what gave her the bad scare. Go on, girlie, go along and tell Mr. Hamilton and me—we want to hear."

"That was all there was, but what—what could it have been, daddie?"

"Tell Mr. Hamilton, girlie."

"Why, you know, I was sitting here just as you left me looking over these Gibsons, when I noticed the lamps were burning low. I got up, intending to turn up the wick, when I saw that not one, but all of them were going out. I thought it very odd that they should all go down at the same time, and was just looking to see if they needed oil, when that horrid smell seemed to be everywhere. You know, daddie, I really don't mind the smell of whisky so very much, but this was like very stale whisky, the smell was overpowering; I felt almost as if I was drinking it, and you know I do object to the taste of it. I was not alarmed yet, not very much, but the next moment the lamps all went right out and I was in darkness, for the door leading to the hall suddenly crashed to with a bang, and then came a low hissing sound, that increased to a perfect imitation of escaping steam, just as if there was an engine in the room and the steam was escaping as fast as it could; you have no idea what a loud sound it made."

The Judge nodded, and Stamford bent nearer to the girl as she proceeded:

"I was really getting frightened by now, and I started to cry out to you to come down, at the same time making my way toward the door, when somebody—something grabbed me by the arm—look, there are the marks yet!" and she pointed to the blue impressions on her white arm, close up to the shoulder.

The old Virginian glared, and his hands clenched and unclenched. It would have fared badly with the "somebody" or "something" had they been near then. "Go on, girlie," he commanded, relaxing somewhat. "What occurred then?"

"Why, I cried out, or I think I did—I tried very hard to do so, but the next moment whatever it was caught me up and flung me down again—back there behind that chair, I think it must have been, for my head came in contact with something, and then, and then—that was all, really. The next I knew I was on the couch, and you and Mr. Hamilton were there, and, oh, I was so glad! I was terribly frightened. What—what could it have been, daddie?"

"I'm going to find out," growled the Judge, grimly, "and when I do—when I do——"? He stopped, and sat gnawing his grizzled mustache. His right hand had gone to his hip pocket, almost unconsciously, and he was fingering something there with almost loving touch.

"Don't be hasty, will you, daddie, dear?" pleaded his daughter, half-fearfully, as she noticed the movement.

"Oh, no, not at all, not at all!" replied her father, yet more grimly. He arose and stood up to his full height. "Where's Ben?" he demanded. "In the kitchen?"

"Yes, in the kitchen with Peter; he's waiting to know what we want him to do."

"Do!" echoed the Judge. "Do! why, catch the scamp who assaulted my daughter, and find the Captain—we'll go out to him. Girlie, I'm going to take you home first; will you please send Peter to tell Sam to bring the carriage around, Stamford."

"Hit's 'ere, sir, hat the front door, sir; the nigger said has 'e knew you would be wanting to go 'ome about now," interposed Peter, who had crept into the room.

"Has he been keeping those horses standing there in this weather?" demanded the Judge.

"No, sir, begging your pardon, 'e's just come around, and 'e 'as 'em blanketed, sir."

"Get yourself ready, girlie," commanded the father, as he assisted his daughter from the couch; I'll take you home to your old mammy. Now for Ben—oh, there you are, Ben! Well, look here," and then Stamford, the Judge, and Ben entered into a whispered conversation just out in the hall, while inside, Miss Charrington, with shaken nerves, was wrapping herself up in her warm cloak. A few words were distinguishable above the murmur of whispering: "Boys, yes, get 'em—Alf Green, the deputy; no, the sheriff's in Washington; back in the morning!" Then the old gentleman's voice sounded rather hastily: "Good Lord, no man! There's no time to waste—a hot scent—you're sportsman enough to know that—of course, of course most certainly, sir. Wake up that damned dog!" suddenly exploded the Judge. "What kind of a hound is he, anyway? Dozing away there like an old woman when there's work on hand for him—thought mastiffs were some use, Stamford. I'll wager neither Salt nor Pepper would act in that fool way. Wake up, you brute!" he urged, giving the crouching dog a dig in the ribs with his cane.

Siguford arose and looked at him reproachfully.

"Now, then, I'll be back in an hour, and Ben, get the boys together; have 'em here sure now, understand?"

"Aye, most sartinly, Judge, we'll have 'em on hand; and Judge, sir, be sure to bring them two hounds on yours 'round with you, sir."

Next minute the old gentleman was escorting his daughter out to the waiting carriage, there was a slam of the door, the negro whipped up the horses, and the two lamps dwindled away into the black night, leaving Stamford, Ben Oliver, and the shaking footman watching from the door.

"Peter, get me something to eat and a good hot cup of coffee," commanded Stamford; "and, Ben, please come in with me."

The two entered the receptionroom, and, closing the door, seated themselves before the blazing logs, which Peter, despite his fright, had not forgotten to keep piled up. They neither spoke for a few minutes. Then Stamford Hamilton glanced up and looked inquiringly at the seamed, weather-beaten face of his companion.

"It's a jolly rum business, isn't it, Ben?" he suggested.

"It sure is," growled the fisherman, "if, as you says," he went on, "the Captain ain't nowhere in the house an' his clothes be, an' if the young lady really see all this as she says she see, which there ain't no reason to doubt, as you might say."

CHAPTER VII.

MYSTERY OF THE CEILING.

There was no sleep for Stamford that night. One o'clock, half-past, and two sounded. Ben Oliver had departed in company with old Peter, and about three again returned with the deputy sheriff, Alf Green, and two acting deputies. A few minutes later, and the sound of fast-approaching horse hoofs told that the Judge was nearing the cottage. He sprang from his carriage with the vim of a young man, and walked briskly in. He had exchanged his evening suit for a corduroy hunting Norfolk coat and breeches, and heavily booted and gaitered, he strode in, with a cheery, "How are you, boys?" Close behind him followed a negro with two hounds in leash. But few words were spoken. Stamford had already told all he knew and placed his helpers in full possession of the facts in the case.

Outside the wind had died down, giving place to a cold, starlit night. The new moon—a slender, golden rim—fast hastening toward the west, told that the sun was again harrying her back to her sphere. It was a typical little Virginian crowd that gathered in the hall, as the Judge outlined in terse language his plans. Alf Green, agile-looking and active; his two helpers, stalwart farmers of Fairfax County, and the red-faced, white-haired, learned-looking Judge, a fine specimen of the old school of the Southern gentleman. The giant fisherman, Ben Oliver, a Marylander by birth, but, by long association and intermingling with the people from across the river, now almost as much Virginian as they. Slow, ponderous and powerful—a giant, indeed in physique, and not by any means lacking in that quality that is best expressed by the old English word "gumption," although decidedly superstitious. Then the two Englishmen, presenting, as Englishmen so frequently do, a striking contrast—the one, young Stamford Hamilton, a production of the dominant, ruling upper class of the old country; calm, cool and collected, with the suggestion of an infinite amount of reserve power and unlimited courage; a youth of few words, but plenty of action—a good prop on which to lean in any emergency. And then old Peter, worried-looking and nervous, sprang from a long race of serving people, who owned and acknowledged that they were inferior, and beneath their lords and masters; yet, withal, a man of some character, and one who knew his business, as English servants always do—a butler first, last, and all the time.

Around the outskirts of the little knot of debating men stood the negro, Sam, grasping the leash that held the two huge-jowled dogs—crosses between bloodhounds and mastiffs, while the thoroughbred mastiff, Siguford, prowled about, his terror seemingly gone, and now keenly alive to the fact that something unusual had occurred, and that further developments were looked for.

"Well," observed the Judge, "I guess we're all ready, then, boys. Peter, are you afraid to stay here alone while we are gone?" he inquired, bluntly, turning on the old man.

The butler moistened his lips. "No, sir," he responded at once, "Hi ain't hafraid, sir; Hi'll stay, sir, hif Master Stamford says has Hi be to, sir."

"I think that would be the best plan, then; eh, my boy?" remarked Mr. Charrington, appealing to Stamford.

The young man nodded. "I think so, sir," he said. "Peter," he added, turning to his servant, "I think you cannot aid us very much; you are not used to this rough going, you know, so lock yourself in the house and hold the fort."

"Yes, sir; just so, sir; but—but, maybe, sir, has the dog, has Siguford'd like ter stay with me, sir; 'e ain't feeling so very well tonight, Hi'm thinking."

An audible little snicker passed around the group, but Stamford's features did not relax, as he replied: "No, I shall take Siguford with me; he will probably be of considerable use; no one knows the Captain's ways better than he. Go to bed and get some sleep; we shall need you when we return."

"Yes, sir, just so, sir," replied the man.

"Cut upstairs," commanded Stamford, "and bring down that blue suit the Captain was last wearing."

Peter had already started to obey, when the Judge called out: "Hold hard, my boy. Would it not be best to take the dogs up there, and give them a full scent to start with—right from where he disappeared, you understand."

"That would be best, I believe," admitted the young Englishman.

The deputy sheriff and the rest remained below, but Stamford and the Judge, with the negro, ascended, taking the dogs with them. They entered Captain Hamilton's chamber, and the great hounds were permitted to roam about. None of them gave indications of the least fear, not even Siguford, whom Stamford was watching closely. Pepper and Salt, the Judge's dogs, at once understood what was required of them; they buried their muzzles in the discarded clothing, and then, as their master thrust one of the missing man's slippers towards them, they took in long breaths, as if inhaling every particle of scent that was there. Suddenly Salt, the older of the pair, raised his head, and gave vent to a low growl; he stood with elevated head, and forepaws half raised in an attitude of intense attention; a moment later and Pepper followed his lead. Slowly the pair moved with one accord toward the bed. For a brief moment Salt laid his nose reposingly upon the rumpled bedclothes, then, crouching down, he leaped up, immediately followed by his mate. Both beasts at once attempted to leap up at the far end toward the high top. The Captain's bedstead was an old-fashioned four-poster, from which the once elaborate top-covering had been removed. The hounds leaped about the far end, trying in vain to scale it. No sound now came from them, and the spectators watched them without word or gesture for a moment or so. Then the Judge inquired in a half-whisper: "Anything up there, my boy—any way out?"

Stamford shook his head: "None that I know of," he replied.

The negro, as keenly interested as the dogs, had drawn nearer, and was closely observing the ceiling. "Dar's a crack dare, Marse George," he cried, pointing to a place immediately above the far post.

"Hold the lamp," commanded the Judge. Sam at once obeyed, then climbed up on the bed, and thrust the light within a few inches of the ceiling, the hounds giving vent to little yelps and growls of delight, as they saw that human assistance was coming.

The top of the room had been decorated with one of those papers in which the sole object apparently was to see how many little spots could be gotten into a given space, regardless of any other effect. Sam observed this closely for a few moments, while his master and Stamford stood watching, keenly interested. Suddenly the negro drew back his huge ebony fist, then struck the place above the post a resounding whack. The effect was decisive. An aperture appeared for a fleeting second, as a little door was hurled back, struck something on the inside, and then crashed down again, with a bang. Sam ducked involuntarily at the return; then, placing the palm of his hand against the small door, pushed it back without effort, and it remained, leaning against some support inside, disclosing a dark, gaping hole.

"Damn!" ejaculated Mr. Charrington.

"Good Lordie!" cried the negro.

Stamford said nothing, but stood gazing at the square hole. The two hounds leaped madly in a vain effort to get through, Siguford jumping on the bed now, and joining them in noisy support. Next moment the young Englishman swung a chair onto the bed, and stepping up, steadied himself by grasping Sam's

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shoulders, as he stuck his head through the rent and tried in vain to pierce the gloom that lay beyond.

"The lamp," he demanded, taking it from the negro's ready hand. He withdrew his shoulders, thrust in the light, and then again the hole swallowed up his head and shoulders.

"Nothing there but cobwebs and rafters," he reported, a minute later, as he reappeared.

"'Low me ter git up, Master Stamford," suggested Sam, who scrambled agilely through, as Stamford made way for him, the Englishman following his movements as he crawled about inside the loft, throwing the light from the lamp here and there, and thoroughly exploring every dark corner. "All close in, dare ain't nothin' thar," grumbled Sam, evidently disappointed that his search should reveal no secret—"Oh, hold hard, Master Stamford—hold hard, boss, look here! Look here, Marse George; look har, sir: dis surly am something! Git up, sir, git up, sir! Ken youse git through come look har, sir—all de things is jus' natural ready ter come off," the excited voice of Sam called back from the gloom.

In a moment Stamford had climbed up and was on his hands and knees amid the dust and dirt, the Judge following more agilely than one would have thought possible for one of his years. It was with difficulty that he worked his broad shoulders through the little square, kicking back at the dogs, as they leaped around his heels, furiously making effort to accompany him.

Sam had taken off or broken down some part of the roofing, and two or three twinkling stars were peeping through. Now came sounds of voices from below in the hall: "Hello, Jedge, air you all onter somethin'? Shall we all come 'long?"

"Come along," roared Mr. Charrington, as he pulled himself up and into the narrow confines. Next moment the little chamber was crowded by the deputy, his assistants, the fisherman and the butler, who all came trooping in. The disappearing legs of the worthy Judge were just visible, as he swung and kicked them about in midair, in his desperate efforts to crawl up; Alf Green and the rest burst into hearty laughter, so comical was the sight.

"Wall, I swear, Jedge, I never knew you was that kittenish; you sartainly can climb some, sir. Do you all want the dogs up there?"

There was no answer for a moment or so; Mr. Charrington was wrestling with his own troubles; but Sam, observing his master's difficulties, came gallantly to the rescue, and the next minute the swearing, dust-covered Virginian was hoisted in and through into the space above, where he stood glaring around, endeavoring to get his bearings. "Yes, get the dogs up," he thundered, as soon as he caught his breath again, and the much-tramped on bed was immediately taken possession of by the officers, who lifted up the now nearly frantic hounds, whose loud baying and menacing growls resounded through and through the house.

Like a flash, with one accord, Pepper and Salt flew to the opening in the roof, the mastiff close at their heels, the shaggy hair on his great head bristling with wrath and anger. It was a tense, exciting moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRAIL TO THE RIVER.

All the men were now through and standing in the little air space between the ceiling and the roof. A gaping hole shone plainly through into the night, and through this the Judge thrust his head and shoulders, only to withdraw them a moment later and to give vent to a long-drawn out whistle: "Boys," he called back in a hoarse, excited whisper, "there's a rope ladder there!"

Three or four forms all jostled one another in a united effort to get through the aperture and to verify the truth of the startling statement; the hounds adding to the confusion, as they leaped and tore around inside the narrow confines.

Pushing his broad shoulders through the little mob, Stamford seized the rope that lay loose—suspended, apparently, from the summit of the roof, the ends dangling down over the spouting at the side. He commenced to haul in with a will, but the Judge, noticing his action, halted him with a shout of: "Hold hard, there, my boy! Let it be! Let it be!"

"Why so, sir?" demanded the young Englishman.

"Don't disturb anything; leave it just as you find it, Stamford. We'll get on the outside and see exactly what is there. Where does that ladder descend—just north of his den, does it not?"

"No, sir; it will, I think, strike the ground close in under the east reception window."

"So—oh!" whistled the Judge. "Down you get, all of you, then."

It was no light task to call off the dogs, which were making every effort to leap through and out on the roof, but by force and persuasion it was accomplished, and the little party assembled in the first gray streaks of the wintry dawn outside on the untidy gravel path that skirted Captain Hamilton's cottage.

There, plain as a pike before their eyes, dangled the loose end of a small rope ladder, such as steeplejacks use. It descended from over the spouting of the roof. The great hounds, half-crazy at the strong scent they here found, were with difficulty restrained. Judge Charrington and the deputy spoke rapidly in consultation.

"Come on, then, lads, we'll strike while the iron's hot!" presently cried the former, as he slung his Winchester across his shoulder, and preceded by the negro, Sam, holding in the hounds, set off at a sharp walk across the ill-kept flower-beds, across the succeeding lawn, and down the steep hill that led to the spring, the rest of the party following closely at his rear.

"Jedge, do yah think yah'd better come?" called back Alf Green, as he slipped and stumbled down the glassy descent.

"I do," growled the old Virginian, and his words were spoken with such force that no one ventured any further remonstrance. The old gentleman was evidently determined to accompany them, despite his weight of years.

The sleet of the previous night had settled, and now lay frozen and glassy, making the going difficult in the extreme. The party, composed as it was mostly of young men, with the exception of the Judge and Ben Oliver, the river fisherman, managed to scramble along and keep at the heels of Sam, whom the dogs were dragging forward madly, regardless of obstacle or conditions. Neither had the giant fisherman much difficulty in keeping the pace, but the worthy old jurist, although a famous trapper in his day, was now out of condition, and panted and swore as he stumbled along after the rapidly-moving searchers. Young Stamford, well used to every form of outdoor exercise, and always fit, swung along at a distance-covering pace without great effort. In the distance the glimmer of old Peter's lamp could just be distinguished, as the servant watched the departure of the search party from the cottage door.

Along a scarcely-defined footpath in single file they tramped, the hounds with muzzles glued to the ground, straining furiously at the leathers, while Sam hung back, and compelled them practically to pull him along. They were now passing a densely-wooded hillside, around the gaunt trunks of whose trees the path wound in tortuous way. Close at the negro's heels followed the deputy, traveling at a peculiar half-trotting gait, for which he was famous, and which he generally used when the pursuit promised to be long and arduous. His two assistants were behind him, and then came Stamford, covering the ground with long, easy strides, and after him, the Judge, stumbling ponderously, cursingly on, followed and carefully watched by the big fisherman, Ben Oliver, whose mighty boots crashed down all opposition, as their owner brought up the rear of the expedition. Siguford, unleashed, galloped now ahead, now on one flank, now on the other, with nose close to the hard earth.

It was not the best night in which to obtain a clear trail, but the cross-bred bloodhounds had apparently no trouble in getting one, although Siguford several times appeared at a loss, stopping and raising his head, as he sought again to get traces of the scent. He would make little casts, throwing circles and converging toward their center, where he generally picked up the trail again, and then, with a yelp of delight, would be off, catching up with the advancing party.

Morning was now ushered well in, and the dull, cheerless dawn spread over the eastern sky, gray and colorless. They were at the bottom of a deep ravine, where a boisterous brook charged madly down towards the Potomac, and here occurred the first check. Pepper and Salt became in doubt. Uttering little excited yelps, in which Siguford, as he raced up from the rear and joined them, united, they dashed here, there, everywhere in rapid succession; up and down the steep banks, now dragging Sam knee-deep into the icy waters, now hauling him up again by main force, or tugging him after them recklessly in and out amongst the firs, while Alf Green and the rest stood watching and waiting for the result. So far they had been unable to detect the slightest sign of the passing of any human, but the hard ground, where no footprints could possibly leave impressions, might easily account for that. Once or twice the keen eyes of the deputy had thought they discovered a broken twig that looked suspiciously as if it had been snapped by the passage of some one or something, but the weight of the sleet might have been responsible for it, and he made no mention of it. But now, as he stood subjecting the adjacent banks to a close scrutiny, and waiting for the dogs once more to pick up the scent, his sharp eyes detected something on the further side that made him leap agilely across from stone to stone, until he stood among the pines on the further bank. Here he made a close examination of their low-lying branches, following his researches some distance into the wood, and returning only when his suspicions were well confirmed.

"Yah all bring them dogs over yah," he commanded, but the words had scarcely left his lips when the two hounds picked up the scent together. Both gave vent to a mighty baying and plunged into the brook, dragging the faithfully-hanging Sam recklessly after them. They gained the further side, having found their scent on the numerous little rocks that thwarted the rush of the stream. Once on the opposite shore they had no difficulty, and again took up the scent, dashing into the copse exactly where the deputy had been making his investigations.

There was a rapid crossing of the men behind them, a scrambling up the steep, succeeding bank, a choice selection of oaths from the worthy Judge, a friendly helping hand from big Ben, and once again they were off.

Without check Pepper and Salt led them as fast as they were permitted to, while the way became more and more difficult for the party to follow. They had forsaken the footpath, or it had dwindled away to nothing, for no sign was visible. They were deep in the silent wood, and headed straight for the river On the still morning air the roar of Great

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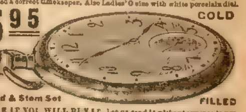

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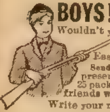

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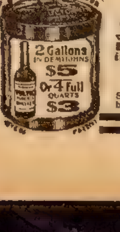

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Falls could be distinctly heard, as the huge mass of water tore down over its obstruction. The deputy was now keenly alive to the fact that others had passed before them, and but a short time previously, for now many signs told him so. The branches had been pushed aside to make way for the passage of some one or many—just which he was not certain. But suddenly he came upon clear signs of a struggle. The underbrush was tramped upon, and the evidence of many feet in confusion was plainly visible, not on the hard ground, but showing in the fragments of broken twigs and trampled brush.

The hounds stayed not a second, but dashed ahead without hesitation, while Alf Green stayed but for a moment to read the signs, and then followed close at their heels, taking the leathers from Sam and holding them himself. To his trained senses the story was plain. There had been a fierce struggle in that small clearing, but one had been overcome, and his hands had been bound behind his back, for now the brambles were not snapped and broken, but bent and twisted, as he had shouldered his way through them, urged along by some one from behind. And here, here—the deputy suddenly hauled in with all his might at the straining hounds, as he bent over, staying but for a second, as he plucked a tiny fragment of something white from off a low-lying bramble. It was a piece of white cloth.

Next minute the broad expanse of the Potomac burst upon their view, and they came to a halt upon its shores, the hounds searching vainly up and down for a continuance of the scent. In the sands were plainly visible the impressions of many feet—three—four, or perhaps five Calling on the rest to remain back, Alf Green got down on hands and knees, and made a careful examination of them.

"Darned odd!" be muttered, "never seen such shoes as them; did you all, boys? Hey, there, Mister Hamilton, just keep off there, sir, don't tramp it all up. Walk easy, Jedge, walk easy, sir! Let's get the hang o' this har thing."

"It's into the river they go," opined one of the farmers, as he tiptoed carefully around. "Look thar, Alf."

"Aye, they must have had a boat, then; nobody'd bin fool nuf ter ha' swimmed 'cross this har river in th' shape 'tis. voiced the other man

"Did you all ever see such marks as them?" again demanded the deputy, gazing blankly at the impressions in the sand.

The Judge and Ben Oliver had been carefully stalking around and observing, but neither of them expressed any opinion, the Judge for the reason that he was completely out of breath, and Ben Oliver because he was always careful and slow of speech. The dogs were making the keen air ring again with their baying, and would have plunged into the icy waters and swum out had they been permitted to. Now Mr. Charrington spoke in his decisive, convincing way "It appears fairly certain that whoever came along here wore no shoes such as we are accustomed to," he observed "Why, look, Green, that mark there would almost look as if it had been made by a bare foot, would it not?"

"No, Jedge, it ain't bare feet as done that; there's no toe marks, but whoever did it ain't got no kind o' a boot on fut this kind o' weather, I'll say that much."

"Why do we stay here talking?" demanded young Stamford. "They must have crossed; that seems plain. Let us get over and follow them."

"No skiff," laconically retorted the deputy; "but I reckons as we'll have ter get one—how 'bout that, Ben?"

"Ain't one no nearer than Walton's Ferry as I knows on," slowly responded the fisherman.

"Then we'll have ter get it. Sam and you go 'long and pull her down, will you?"

STOPS TOBACCO HABIT IN ONE DAY

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium, located at 696 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

"Aye, I'll go; 'tis mighty little pulling as she'll want in this race. If we can keep her off the rocks 'tis all as I'll ask," responded the big man. "Come 'long, Sam. Can't yah shut them dogs up from howling so 'mighty strong; 'tis no sense proclaimin' ter the countryside as we're har, is't?"

Next minute the white man with his negro companion had vanished around a bend of bare rocks, and the remainder of the party sat down to rest themselves and await their return

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

Shocked the Bride.

Another practical application of the advisability of believing only "half of what you hear," had an inning in a South Side home recently. An upper apartment is occupied by a bride and groom. The groom on this fatal morning happened to be the first one up. A teamster with a pair of balky mules on the street below the bedroom windows was admonishing the mules in the only language mules are said to understand

While the groom was in the process of a morning plunge he was astonished to hear sobs coming from the adjoining room. Hastily repairing to the scene of trouble, he was about to inquire what on earth the matter was, when in muffled tones came the heart-broken accents of the bride:

"Oh, how dare you speak to me that way, you horrid thing. I'm going straight home to m-moth——" and the balance was smothered again in the sympathetic pillow.

The astonished groom stood, gaping and speechless, while the sobbing was resumed Just then, wafted in by the gentle morning breeze, came this dulcet admonishment from the street below: "Get up, you blankety-blink-blank lazy houn' pup, yul.! How do you expect me to get anywhere! D'you think you kin stay here all day, you blankety-zip-whoop-blank, etc.!"

The shout of laughter that broke the tense silence in that bridal apartment made even the aggrieved bride sit up in her misery and negligee and take notice of her convulsed "brute" of a husband. Indignation was beginning to flame high in her eyes when he recovered his breath enough to tell her to just listen a moment. She listened to the choicest selection of profanity the teamster had yet relieved his system of.

"Oh," she gasped, and before the morning was over had the whole apartment wondering what the joke was.

* * *

Ready for Emergencies.

According to a Cleveland jokesmith, a peddler got as far as the inner office door of a busy professional man, of Cleveland, and coughed to attract attention.

"Well?" demanded the occupant of the office

"I am introducing," began the peddler, "a patent electric hair brush——"

"Don't you see that I am as bald as a hard-boiled egg?" snapped the busy man.

"Your wife might perhaps——"

"She's bald, too, except when she's dressed up"

"But you may have a little child of your own who may——"

"I have. She's two months old and still bald."

"Maybe you keep a dog? This brush is useful for both man and beast."

"Ours is a Mexican hairless dog."

The peddler put the brush back in his valise and reached toward another compartment. "Permit me," he said, "to show you the latest thing in fly killers."

The Kid and the Pigeon

By Augustin Wilber Breeden.

When "the Kid" came to our house to live I at first had very grave doubts about trusting our little four-year-old Vivian so much to his care. Vivian seemed to think, however, that there was no one equal to him for a companion, and no brother could have shown a greater solicitude for his own little sister than the "Kid" evinced for her. Still the boy was only a street Arab, and no one could tell what he might prove to be.

This Kid was one of my wife's discoveries. While visiting her sister in Chicago, she had one day gone to a pigeon loft to buy a pair of homers for me, and had found the boy there trying to do his work in spite of a fever temperature of a hundred and four. Only a short time before, we had lost a little boy about the age of this one; so my wife's heart was touched, and she took him home to her sister's and nursed him through a long and dangerous illness. Having set him on his feet and started him into the world anew with a blacking kit under his arm, my wife came home to relate how she had played the good Samaritan.

She had been home but a few weeks, however, when who should put in an appearance but the Kid, in rags and tatters, but with clean hands and shining face, the coal dust of long stolen rides showing the high-water mark of his ablutions.

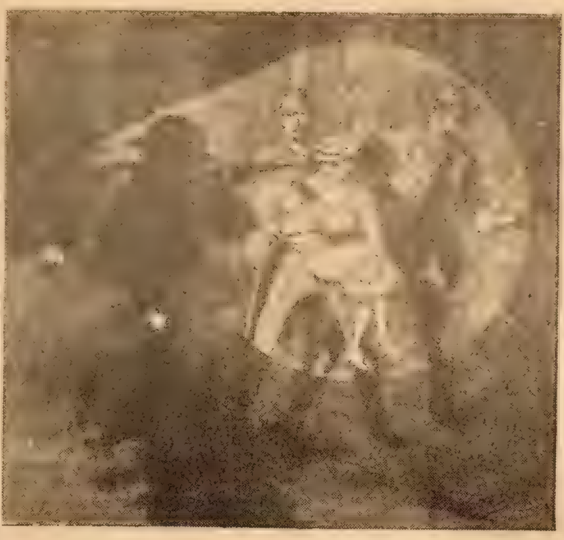
"Are youse de husband of de lady?" he asked, meeting me at the door as I started down to my office

"What lady?" I queried

"De lady wot wos good to me in Chi," responded the urchin. "I've come to work for her. I'd 'a' passed in me checks if it hadn't 'a' fer her."

So the boy was taken into our family under the soubriquet of "Kid," and became known throughout the town as Kid Beeson. I explained to him that he should never say guy or geezer, and that he should say, the, this, and that instead of de, dis, and dat; and we coached him daily in his speech until in a surprisingly short time he had almost entirely lost his street jargon and spoke fairly good English.

This little fellow with his round freckled face, his bright eyes, and his diminutive body won me from the first. He made me think of the days when I sold papers in Kansas City, long ago, before I became interested in the Joplin lead and zinc district or had ever dreamed of becoming president of the Miners' and Merchants' Bank. And he made himself so useful about the place and was always so polite and well-behaved that I soon lost all my former suspicion of him and thought no more of his questionable origin.



The man stood in a blaze of light.

Meanwhile he became Vivian's coachman, driving her everywhere in the little pony trap I had bought for them. That pony and some homer squabs that had been hatched in our own loft were objects of special solicitude for him. And I never saw a child take such a fancy for anything as Vivian did for one of those young pigeons. She liked it so well that we let her keep it with her, tied by a little string, almost everywhere she went.

Every afternoon that fall when the weather was fine we let the children drive out to Electric Park, which is about four miles from town; and it was this habit of letting them go so far alone that brought us the greatest sorrow of our lives.

One Friday, the weather being fine, they drove out to the park in the morning, taking their lunch and Vivian's pigeon, expecting to remain all day. I was out of town on business that day, and returned home at seven-thirty to find my wife very uneasy. The children had been told always to be home before six o'clock, and they had not yet returned. She had sent our man in search of them and was awaiting my arrival to know what else to do. I started to step to the 'phone to call up a friend of mine, who lived out toward the park, when the doorbell rang and I was handed a note. It was carefully sealed and placed inside two envelopes. It read as follows:

"Dear Sir:—If you wish to know the whereabouts of your little girl and adopted son, go to the bank at once. You will find a letter on the outside sill of one of the windows opening on the alley. Move cautiously. A FRIEND."

I must have turned very pale when I read this note, for my wife noticed my agitation.

"What does the note say?" she asked, in alarm. I steadied my voice and lied to her in even tones.

"It says," I replied, reaching for my hat, "that the children took a byroad and lost their way, and that they are now at Mr. Johnson's. I will walk out and drive them back. Good-by."

"Good-by! But, John—"

I did not hear what my wife added, for I was hurrying toward the bank, my heart booming in my ears like distant guns. On reaching the bank I found this note, carefully sealed and wrapped in an old newspaper:

"My Deere Father: Me and Vivion are safte and well and me and my pals needs $200,000.00 (Too hundred thousand dollars) if you dont come acrost you will have a son but no dawter. You have been good to me but that aint dough leve the money on the north bank of turkey crick under the steele railroad bridge. YOUR SON KID."

Just below in a different handwriting was the following:

"There are plenty of us, and we mean business. If you put the police on our trail your child will pay the penalty. We are not unreasonable; we know that $200,000.00 is a large amount, and that you cannot get it till the vaults open tomorrow. So we will give you till tomorrow night (Saturday at midnight) to put it under the R. R. bridge on Turkey Creek. Remember that we have you in our power and do not try any tricks.

(Signed) "ONE OF THE KID'S PALS."

As I read this note I felt like one in a nightmare, when there is a terrible danger and yet the feet refuse to run or the lips to cry out. I wanted to dash into the street and call to every one I met to come and help me, but a dreadful fear held me back. I hurried back to the house with clenched teeth, my very helplessness driving me almost frantic. Under my breath I cursed myself for allowing a born criminal in my house—cursed myself for not striking him dead when he presumed to ask for such a privilege. I would fain have kept the terrible secret from my wife, but that was impossible.

We sat all that dreadful night striving to console each other in secret. A terrible fear kept us from telling even the inmates of the house. I caused it to be understood that the children were safe in the country and would return the following day; and so my wife and I were left alone with our tragedy. By turns we wept and reproached ourselves for trusting such a miscreant; and we told each other that we would track the whole gang to their death, although it should ruin us forever. Sometimes we tried to picture to ourselves where our little one was at that time, and the thoughts of it all would drive us almost frantic.

Our difficulty was even greater than it might seem. I was not a rich man by any means, and I knew I could not raise the sum required without attracting a great deal of notice. In fact, just at that time the payment of such an amount would utterly bankrupt me. Yet I feared the result if I should fail to put up the very last dollar.

The heavy night was grudgingly giving way to a chill autumn dawn, when there was a flutter of wings past the window and my wife cried out, "Ah! there is her little pigeon—my own dar-

(Continued on page sixteen.)

Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Syrup and Save $2, by Making It at Home.

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. If you [illegible] one pint of granulated sugar [illegible] pint of warm water and stir [illegible] you have as good syrup as [illegible] could buy.

[illegible] you will then put 2½ ounces of [illegible] (50 cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the sugar syrup, you will have as much cough syrup as you [illegible] ready made [illegible]

[illegible] and taste pleasant [illegible] teaspoonful every [illegible] [illegible] whooping- [illegible]

[illegible] ted compound [illegible] tract, rich in [illegible] the element [illegible] work in this [illegible]

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Same Thing.

Miss Goodley—"Miss Bloomer seems to keep her youth still."

Miss Chellus—"Well, she keeps her age quiet."

FIERY.

They used to "spark" did he and she,
Each night ere they were wed
And now they blaze out frequently.
'Tis by the neighbors said.

SURPRISING THE BOSS.

Hated Extremes.

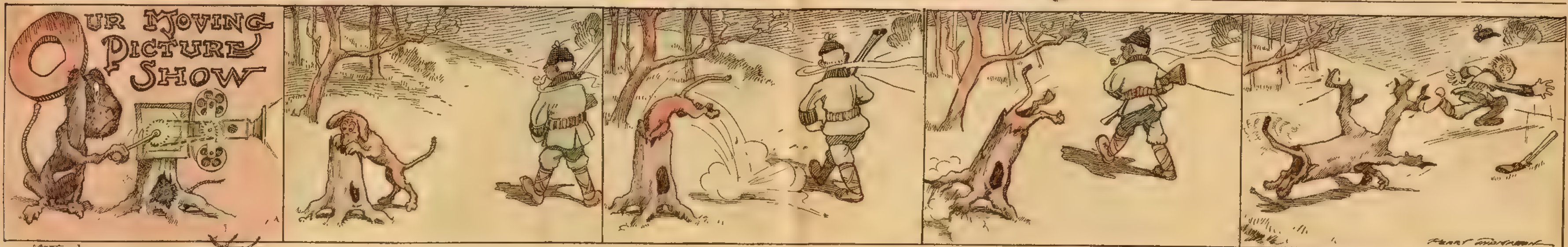
"Do you take this woman for better or for worse?"

"I do, Judge, I do. But I hope ye kin kinder strike an average."

Astonishing.

"I hear old Bill has been working all this week."

"Yes; ain't it terrible what some people will do for money!"



Tige—"There might be something in this stump."

"Woof! There is something!"

"I'll rout it out and surprise the boss."

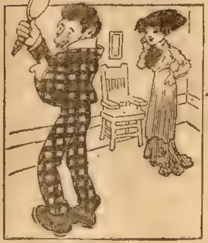
Hunter—"Great guns! What's that after me? Help! Help!"

Natural Conclusions.

"There goes a man who has three wives living," said some one to Brother Williams.

"My! My!" exclaimed the old man. "Wuz he born crazy or lost his mind growin' up?"

❦



Ball—"Do you think this suit is a fit?"

Mrs. Ball—"It looks like a spasm of some sort."

❦

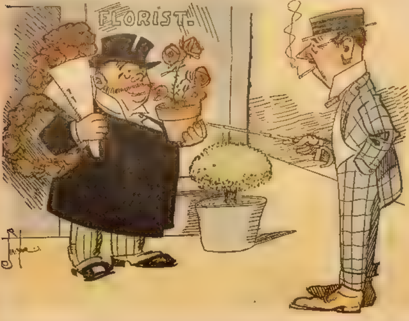
One for Her.

Edith was light-hearted and merry over everything. So one day her mother decided to invite a very serious young parson to dinner, and he was placed next the light-hearted girl. Everything went well until she asked him:

"I've heard of everybody having a mission. What is yours?"

"My mission," said the parson, "is to save young men."

"Good," replied the girl. "I'm glad to meet you. I wish you'd save one for me."



"I don't understand! You were always scolding about your mother-in-law, and now that she's dead you are carrying flowers to her grave!"

"That's just it! She detested flowers!"

MAIDEN WITH THE RING.

See the maiden with the ring—
Diamond ring!
What a sweet assurance that she has him on a string!
See it glitter, glitter, glitter,
With a radiance rich and rare,
While her lady friends they titter
With a soft and bird-like twitter,
As they pipe the solitaire
And their eyes shine bright,
With an optimistic light,
In the cheering scintillations that so gloriously spring
From the ring, ring, ring, ring,
Ring, ring, ring—
From the gleaming and the beaming of the ring!

❦

A Recommendation.

A man of considerable wealth, and very conscientious as well, was obliged to dismiss his gardener for dishonesty.

As the gardener had a wife and family dependent upon him, however, the rich man gave him a "character" and framed it in this way:

"I hereby certify that John Dodge has been in my employ as a gardener for three years, and during that time he has got more out of the garden than any other man I have ever employed."

❦

Two Lawyers.

First Lawyer (angrily)—"I've a good mind to sue you."

Second Lawyer—"I shouldn't like anything better. There's only one trouble about two lawyers going to law. A lawyer can never do himself justice when he pleads his own case."

First Lawyer—"That's easily fixed. I'll plead your case, and you plead mine."

❦

A Well-Bred Customer.

In the privacy of his home the village butcher was telling his wife of the arrival of a new summer resident.

"She came in today," he said with enthusiasm, "and I can tell you she's a real lady, brought up select and exclusive. She don't know one cut o' meat from another, nor veal from mutton."

Forgot to Ask.

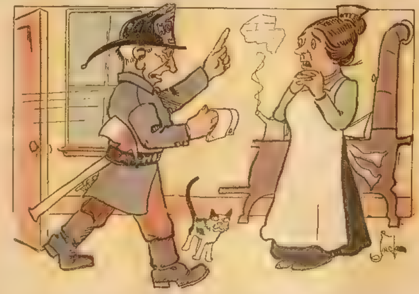
She—"The jeweler says the diamond in my ring is not genuine."

He—"Um—er—he told me the ring was real gold. I forgot to ask him about the stone."

S-sh! Don't Tell Her!

Gibbs—"Isn't it aggravating to have your wife late when you're going to the theater?"

Dibbs—"Mine never is. I always set the clock an hour ahead."



Fireman's Wife—"Back so soon? It must have been a false alarm?"

Fireman—"False alarm nothing! It's a big fire! But get me a clean pair of cuffs! The fire's at the mayor's house!"

Wise Little Eva.

"What does a cat have that no other animal has?" asked the teacher.

"Fur!" shouted one pupil.

"Haw-haw!" guffawed another pupil—"skunks an' moles has fur."

"I know, teacher—whiskers!"

"Haw-haw! Papa has whiskers!"

"My papa ain't [illegible]."

"'Cause he can't [illegible]. Your pa ain't no good. My [illegible]."

"Stop!" [illegible]. "Can't anybody tell me what a cat has that no other animal can have?"

A little girl timidly puts up her hand.

"Well, Eva," smiles the teacher, encouragingly.

"Kittens!" says Eva. And goes to the head of the class.

❦

A Fit Word.

The class had been discussing recent affairs in China. A few days later the fate of a man who was eaten by his savage enemies was referred to. Anxious to enlarge the limited vocabulary of the children, the teacher asked what name was given to men who ate other human beings.

"Savages" and "man-eaters" were the only words most of them could give. At last the eagerness of a bright-eyed boy indicated that he thought he had a better word. He had. It was "Manchus."

❦

The Motorist at Home.

"You have a fine lot of children, Binks," said Hawkins, as after a spin through the country they returned to the house for dinner. "How many are there?"

"Seven," said Binks, proudly.

"I've often wondered," said Hawkins, "whether you people with so many children have any favorites among them."

"Oh, no," returned Binks, hesitatingly; "that is to say, not consciously, but of course we are more interested in a 1912 model than in the earlier ones."

The Swallow's Home.

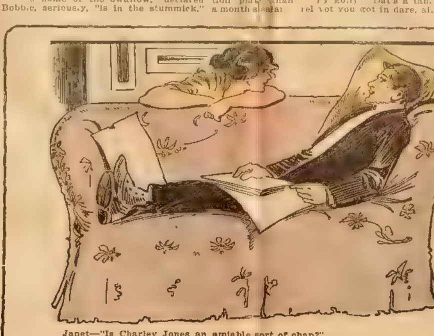
The teacher in natural history had received more or less satisfactory replies to her questions and finally she asked:

"What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is?"

Long silence, then a hand waved.

"Well, Bobbie, where is it?"

"The home of the swallow," declared Bobbie, seriously, "is in the stummick."



Janet—"Is Charley Jones an amiable sort of chap?"

Arthur—"Is he? Why, he wouldn't growl if he had hydrophobia."

Toll.

"They say the natives who gather rubber in Africa have to work very hard."

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "And yet I wonder if they have to work as hard as the man who tries to put the rubber in place after it's made into an automobile tire."

❦

Used Them.

"Does your mother take an interest in your father's business?" asked the lady visitor.

"Indeed, she does," replied the boy feelingly.

"And what is your father's business?"

"He's in the [illegible]shing business!"

❦

Right.

Professor (explaining the action of oxidizing)—"Can you tell me now, John, what happens when gold is left in the free air?"

John—"It gets pinched."

❦

Looks Big.

The price of two cigars looks bigger to a man who is putting it in the collection plate than a month's salary.

A Deferred Dividend.

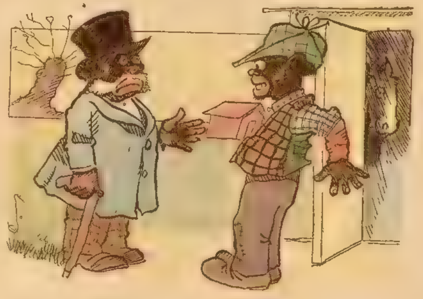
"Oh, mother! I just broke a window with my ball."

"Very well, Tommy. I'm busy just now, but if you'll remind me later I'll punish you."—Life.

Had His Instructions.

Employer (to new man)—"Has the cashier told you what you have to do in the afternoon?"

New Man—"Yes, sir. I was to wake him when I saw you coming."



Sam Pone—"Didn't you buy de horse dat you was lookin' at, Ras?"

Ras Hollow—"Naw. I was kinda uncertain 'bout his age. He had one toot' and I couldn't tell whether it were de first or de last."

A Lively Squirrel.

A German who had not been in this country very long, walked into a drug store one day. The first thing that caught his attention was an electric fan buzzing busily on the soda counter. He watched it with great interest for some time, then, turning to the clerk, he said:

"By golly! Dat's a tam'd lifely squirrel vot you got in dare, ain't it?"

Very Romantic!

The young girl was greatly excited.

"I am told you once met the great composer Rossini," she cried.

"Yes," said the old man. "I met him once."

"You met the great composer of William Tell?"

"The same."

"How grand! How very romantic! And would you please tell me what he had to say?"

"Well, he didn't have very much to say. He was eating spaghetti at the time and you know that doesn't facilitate conversation."

❦

A Kindly Parent.

"Dad," said a Bartlesville, Okla., kid to his father the other night, "I want to go to the show tonight."

"A show at night is no place for a kid like you. You should be at home in bed."

"But I peddled bills and have two tickets," said the kid, as he began to sniffle.

"All right then," answered dad. "I will go with you to see that you don't get into trouble."

❦

A Frank Answer.

"Do you love me, Charles?" inquired the beautiful girl.

"Of course I do."

"Do you think only of me, by day and night?"

"Well, I'll be frank with you. Now and then I think of baseball."

❦

A Warning.

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, is a stone with the following strange inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers traveling that way:

"N. B.—When this stone is out of sight, it is unsafe to ford the river."

HE SAID GOOD-BY.

He said good-by forever
With great disdain,
And vowed that he would never
See her again.

The girl made no endeavor
To have him stay.
He said good-by forever,
And went away.

Life's path is full of dangers,
Of places bleak,
And they were utter strangers
For 'most a week.

❦

The Aftermath.

The great ball had been given and Mrs. Noovo was running over the bills with her husband. When it was found that they totaled ten thousand dollars, Mr. Noovo winced.

"By ginger! Maria!" he ejaculated, "ten thousand dollars is a pile o' money."

"We have got to do it, Silas, to get into society," replied Mrs. Noovo.

"Well," said the old man, scratching his head, "judging from results it doesn't seem to me that we're gettin' into society quite so much as society is gettin' into us."

❦

A Sure Method.

"My wife," said Mr. Clarke, "sent two dollars in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat."

"And what did she get for the money? Was the information what she wanted?" asked Mr. Simmons.

"Well, she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."

❦

Not Sure.

A little boy who was very much puzzled over the theory of evolution questioned his mother thus:

"Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know," the mother replied. "I never knew any of your father's people."

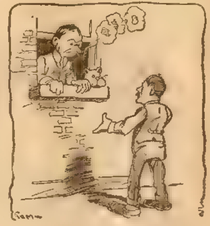
Banishing the Fleas.

"I tell you we live in an age of progress."

"How now?"

"Now some sharp has discovered that you kin shake fleas off a dog with a vacuum cleaner."

❦



Jones—"Your dog howls all night."

Neighbor—"How can I stop him?"

Jones—"Teach him to smoke cigarettes; that'll destroy his bronchial tubes."

❦

A Queer Woman.

Judge (in will case)—"Did Mrs. Bullion ever show signs of insanity in your presence?"

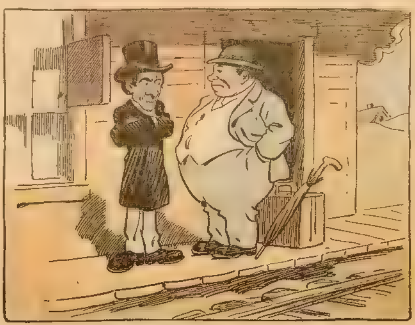
Fair Witness—"She was often very eccentric."

"Mention an instance."

"On one occasion we came from Europe in the same steamer, and she paid duty on her new furs instead of wearing them."

"When was that?"

"Last August."



Traveling Man—"Much of a house at Podunk?"

Actor—"Very small."

Traveling Man—"Much applause?"

Actor—"Well, a dog in the center aisle wagged his tail."

The Kid and the Pigeon.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

ling's sweet little pigeon! Go get it, papa, and bring it here." And my plucky little wife, who had stood it all so bravely through the long night, broke down utterly at the dawn. Climbing to the loft over the stable I called the pigeon to me. To my surprise I found a note securely tied to its tail feathers. I cut it off and ran eagerly to my wife.

"Here," I cried, "is a note. It was tied to the pigeon."

But I held it in my hand, trembling, powerless to unfold it. When we had sufficiently recovered from our agitation, we read together as follows:

"Saturday morning before daylight.

"Dear Papa—me and Vivian are cawt but you can save her. I will dy to hep you they are goeing to move us tonite as soon as they can git vivian to sleep. They will goe thru Bishops woods pastur and come out on turkey crick at the southeest corner. They is three uv them one will goe ahead and one will goe behind and one will stay in between and gard me while I carry Vivian She cries all the time and wont let any uv them tech her have the cops lay fer them and I will gareandtee that Vivian wont be teched. they dont aim to hurt hur any way all they want is your money and dont you give them any

"your own lovin son

"KID BEESON."

This note was so genuine in tone that we could not doubt its sincerity; and just as we finished reading it, our man who was familiar with the boy's handwriting came in and, examining both notes, pronounced the first one spurious.

"How cruelly we misjudged the poor little fellow!" cried my wife. "And only to think, he has acted like a hero."

My agitation was too great for me to be more than vaguely conscious of the new situation, yet at that moment my heart went out to the boy, and I vowed that if my little girl was saved I would make this boy my own son equal in the law with her. This boy, whom I had considered nothing but a young thug, was then risking his very life to save my baby. I now began to fear for him almost as much as for my own child, and yet the clear grit displayed in his note inspired me with confidence.

Moreover this note gave a new turn to the whole affair. The ransom of two hundred thousand dollars did not include the poor Kid at all. And these criminals, knowing the seriousness of their crime and the danger of leaving him alive to witness against them, there was no telling what they might do with him. I could not have the heart to ransom my child and let the poor boy go; and so I trusted to the boy's advice and determined to try to make the capture as he had directed.

That day was a day of feverish excitement for me. I consulted the chief of police, and we sent for a special posse of Pinkerton men. We judged the route as best we might, and placed ourselves that night in the wooded pasture named in the Kid's note. Twenty men who could tread as lightly as a mouse and move quicker than a cat, who were armed with carbines and dark lanterns and covered with grass hunting suits for better protection among the autumn shrubbery, were a force to inspire confidence. Still I feared.

There was a place where, in order to make an exit from the southeast corner of the pasture, the kidnapers would be compelled to thread a thick tangle of briars and vines. The entrance to this tangle was across a V-shaped grass plat, with a high creek bank on the right and a part of the tangle on the left. Here we waited, lying flat among the briars. The frogs croaked; an owl hooted in the distance; the noise and lights of the city seemed faint and far away, like something in a dream. A thousand times I wished that I had complied with the kidnapers' request, but the Pinkertons reassured me, and still we waited.

I was chilled to the bone and stiff in every joint, and it seemed to me that we had been lying there in those brambles for an age, when suddenly we were conscious that moving figures were approaching our position. My heart leaped into my throat. On they came, and we could see that they were marching in exactly the order described by the Kid. My heart stood still. Would we be able to save her—to save them both? Just as the front guard entered the narrow path he opened his dark lantern a small crack, starting back at the same instant with a low "Hiss—ss!"

"Halt!"

The command rang from the lips of our chief, and the three men stood in a blaze of light from our dark lanterns, while a score of rifles were leveled at their heads.

A moment later my child was in my arms and the Kid dancing about me, fairly bursting with importance. I hardly know which I hugged the harder, or over which I shed the most tears. Leaving the villains to the Pinkertons, we hurried home to carry the glad news to my wife and to the little group of sympathizing friends, who had gathered in to console her; and at three o'clock in the morning, to the astonished group, the Kid related the story, which he has had to repeat so many times since to newspaper men, detectives, and court officials.

He says that in the park, that Friday afternoon, a man had talked to Vivian and him and had given them some candy, which made him very sleepy and put Vivian quite to sleep. The same man asked him if he liked wild grapes and told him that he could show him where they could get a buggy load. The boy declined to go, however, and started home rather early with the sleeping child. But in passing a lonely place on the road the children were seized by three masked men, two taking charge of the boy and girl, and the third of the pony and trap. About the same time Vivian awoke crying, and when the men tried to take away her pigeon from her set up such a cry that they were glad to give it back. The boy says this little incident suggested to him the possible value of the pigeon in saving them, and so he told the men that if they were to take away the child's pet she would go into spasms with screaming.

The children were taken to an old vacant house, and had nothing to eat but condensed milk and crackers. Meanwhile the night grew cold, and the kidnapers would not even light a lamp, much less a fire. The boy wrapped his own coat about his foster sister, and lay down by her, pretending to sleep.

One of the men went out and was gone about three hours, and when he came back all three of them held a whispered consultation. It appeared from what the boy could catch that the house they then occupied was in a rather exposed situation (the boy thought it was on a hill, although he could not be sure, as he was blindfolded and carried when they approached it.) The man who had been out had found a better hiding-place on Turkey Creek; and the boy heard them plan their route to this new rendezvous.

(Continued on page twenty-three.)

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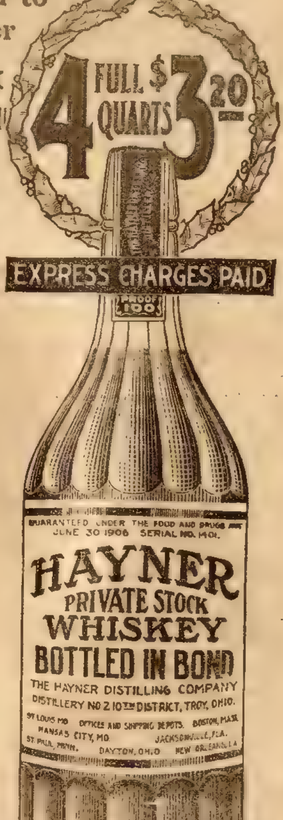
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THE GOLD NUGGET

By WILLIAM ALFRED COREY

"WHAT do you reckon it's worth?" asked the blacksmith's helper as, with bulging eyes he "hefted" the yellow, irregular mass in the hollow of his big hand

"It's worth twenty dollars if it's worth a cent," enthused Jacobson the blacksmith, a thick-chested, stockily-built young fellow, with a smooth-shaven, bony face and heavy black eyebrows.

William Yaunt, the helper, a youth with a long, rangy body and big, pale blue eyes, was almost speechless with astonishment. "Lordy!" he exclaimed. "Five dollars and a twenty-dollar gold nugget fer shoein' one kickin' mule. Say, if they'd bring in a cayuse like that every day——"

"Twenty-five dollars nothin'!" snorted Jacobson, contemptuously "I'm goin' to get more'n twenty-five dollars out of this transaction. I'm goin' to find the ledge where the mule picked up this nugget. I'm goin' to uncover a mine, I tell ye. I'm goin'—look here, Bill"—and the blacksmith, with his smoky, sweaty face aflame, stepped close to his helper and spoke in lower tones—"that mule's been taken up off the range somewheres east of the mountains. The man that finds his feedin' grounds, probably around some water hole, will find the wash where he picked up the nugget. And say; if there's nuggets like that right on top of the ground, there's no limit to that man's wealth. Holy rattlesnakes! No more blacksmithin' fer mine"

"How long do you reckon the mule carried the nugget?" asked the helper

"Hard to say," admitted the blacksmith. Maybe months, maybe only a few weeks. You saw how lame he was when the feller brought him in. And you saw how far up in the frog of the foot the piece was wedged. Packed in with desert sand and water-hole mud. [illegible] really no tellin' how long the [illegible]

[illegible]da and California desert's a [illegible] sketchy proposition to hunt [illegible] the helper doubtfully. [illegible] me as though a needle in a hay mow'd be easy to what you're tacklin'. Now if you only had the slightest clew——"

"And that's just what I've got," said the blacksmith. "Or will have when I buy the mule. The critter himself's the clew. That mule, as I said, has been taken up from some range. Turn him loose an' he'll hike straight back for that range. And can't we foller him? And when he strikes his old range, which would be in a radius of not many miles around some water hole, we can just prospect there till we find the color. See? We can outfit and grubstake ourselves right here in San Berdoo for a trip of five or six weeks. Say, Bill, we've got a cinch."

"And throw up the shop?" hesitated Yaunt, his pale blue eyes widening

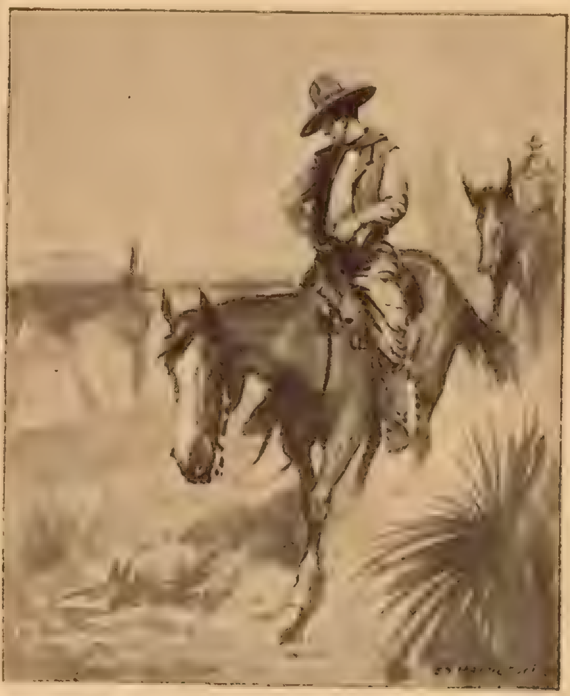
"What's the shop when we've got a gold mine in prospect?" protested Jacobson. "Say, Bill, I'm a year or two older than you, but we're both young an' the world's in front of us. The man that never takes a chance never wins. Sh! Here comes the feller now. You let me do the talkin'."

The stranger, a tall, slouch-hatted leather-faced type of the desert, came to the shop door and drawled out, "Wall, ye fixed my mule up? All right, here's yer money. I'm late. Got to make Chino yet tonight? Nasty piece o' rock in the mule's foot, wasn't it? Only began to go lame a few miles the other side o' Cajon." And the owner started to lead his property out of the shop.

"Say, m' friend," called out the blacksmith, "what'll ye take fer that mule? I'm stuck on 'im. If the price is all right I might buy 'im."

'Not fer sale," announced the traveler, without pausing. This stock I've got here's for the Porter ranch up to San Fernando. They're already sold to Old Man Porter."

"Well, put a price on 'im," persisted the blacksmith, coming to the shop door "You can pick up something to take his place between here and Fernando."



Well aware that they were gambling with death.

"Nothin' doin'," came back the answer, as the man began throwing the saddle on the mule's back. "They're short o' work stock up to Fernando, an' the wheat harvest's comin' on. I got no time to rustle anything new, an' Old Man Porter'll kill me if I'm not there pretty pronto with this bunch."

"Give ye a hundred fer 'im," offered the blacksmith.

"Can't do it," said the stranger.

"Hundred and fifty," bid Jacobson.

"All he's worth," admitted the mule man, "but as I'm tellin' ye, I ain't at liberty to sell."

'I'll go ye two hundred," urged the blacksmith, as, with bare arms and leather apron, he left the shop door and approached the traveler, who was hurriedly tightening his saddle cinches. "Don't be foolish, stranger, that's good money fer a mule."

"'Course it is," the other admitted. "But ye mustn't tempt me. I can't sell, I tell ye. What on earth d'ye want a mule that bad fer, anyway?" And the stranger eyed the blacksmith keenly.

I want 'im fer a trick mule in a circus," said Jacobson, with quick resource. "He'd make a good one, and I know where I can place him. I'll give ye two hundred fer him, cash down."

The stranger had mounted by this time, and with the leading lines of his other animals was about to start off.

"Ahem! You want 'im fer a trick mule, do ye?" he mused, as though struck with the idea, which was almost too

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much for him. Finally his confused thoughts seemed to find anchorage and looking up he said. "If he's some account fer a trick mule he's worth more'n two hundred. Trick mules come high. If he's good fer a trick mule he's worth five hundred easy. Give me five hundred fer 'im, an' I'll risk Old Man Porter."

This sum staggered the young blacksmith. Five hundred dollars was a lot of money for an undiscovered gold mine. But as he hesitated the traveler showed signs of starting off, and so he said, "Well, I'll do it. Come in the shop."

Three days later the two young men, each well mounted and with three pack animals besides the "gold nugget" mule, their mascot, left San Bernardino for Cajon Pass and the desert. The blacksmith shop had been sold, and the two young men had formed a partnership for financing and carrying out the enterprise. Upon one animal's back was packed the prospecting outfit, the drywasher, gold pans, picks, shovels, etc.; another carried the bedding and grub, while the third carried four five-gallon oil cans to be filled with water at one of the springs at the base of the mountains on the desert side.

It was the latter part of May, and late in the season for a trip of this kind. They both knew the desert well, and were well aware that they were gambling with death to venture upon a prospecting trip with the hot season so near. But the gold fever was in their blood, and they were willing to take desperate chances. They judged that they would not have to go over two hundred miles at the farthest, and by traveling at night they hoped to avoid catastrophe.

They reached and passed Cajon, and began the descent on the other side of the range. At Orogrande they filled their water cans and were prepared for the desert trip.

Here they gave the "trick mule" a chance to begin his grand stunt—to guide them to his former haunts. They turned him loose, that he might strike his own course out across the desert. This was their main hope. They had little or no definite information. The mule bore the I & M brand, and while that ranch would be easy to locate, the animal might not have been there for years. The traveler from whom they bought him had secured him at Barstow, and had been told that either the Funeral or Piniment ranges had been his recent grazing grounds. But all this was of little value. The instinct of the mule himself was their main reliance. So they turned him loose.

They were not disappointed. The mule picked his way about among the cactus and grease wood, nibbling a little here and there, going first in one direction, then tacking and going in another, until finally he struck out toward the northeast, hitting a straight course with a steady and rapid walk.

The two prospectors were fairly fortunate in their trip across the desert. By traveling nights and resting days they avoided the increasing heat of the advancing season, and by giving the range mule free rein and following his lead, they reached a place called Resting Springs in less than a week's time.

They were now convinced of one thing, at least; namely, that the lead mule's former "habitat" had been in the Funeral Mountains, since he was evidently making for that range. And their hopes were strengthened that the trip, successful so far, would eventuate in the locating of the gold wash where the nugget had been picked up.

From Resting Springs a six-mile march brought them to the eastern base of the Funeral range near its southern extremity and to the locality, they were now certain, where the mule had picked up the nugget. They found springs up in the gulches, established a permanent camp, and prepared to prospect the surrounding country thoroughly.

But now, strange to say, after braving the desert and reaching the field of real operations, they were appalled at the task yet before them. They were in the midst of a wild, broken mountain wilderness, with absolutely no clew or guide except the vague generalization that the mule range probably was limited to some twelve or fifteen miles about the water-hole rendezvous where they made their camp. This trackless region they must prospect. Somewhere in all those square miles of mountain and desert they hoped there was a drywash or ledge of gold and that they might find it. But even this, they were forced to remember, was only a possibility. They had no positive knowledge as to how long it had been since the mule had been taken up from the range. It might have been months and the animal might have picked the nugget anywhere in all the Nevada and California desert. But they had made their gamble and it was too late to back out now.

They began their task. They worked systematically. Daily trips were made with a pack animal carrying the prospecting outfit and a few cooking utensils; following the stock trails and testing gravelly washes and rocky ledges and dry-washing and panning at intervals where there appeared the least sign of color. But the days passed without other result than weary tramping and climbing, up and down mountain gulches, over divides and "hog-backs," risking their lives on narrow mountain defiles, and finding endless labor but no gold.

Then Jacobson met with a painful accident; spraining his ankle badly and being kept in camp for several days while Yaunt prospected alone. Thus the days passed until two weeks had gone, and they had prospected, as thoroughly as they could, the whole region, and without the slightest encouragement. Both men were beginning to feel discouraged, and Yaunt was openly proposing the abandonment of the enterprise and "hiking back to old Berdoo."

"We're playing a losing game," he said, "and we might as well go back, shuffle the cards, and start again. And as for mine, no more desert prospecting. This is the devil's own country an' when I get back to civilization I stay there." And while the blacksmith would not agree in words, he lacked the courage to oppose.

However, in a few days Jacobson's courage also waned, and they decided to strike camp and quit. They were nearing their camp from a day's trip when they finally came to this decision.

They had reached a point some three hundred yards from their camp, a wind-swept bar of coarse sand, when Jacobson, obeying a sudden impulse, turned and stood for a moment, looking off at the somber, forbidding desert landscape.

"You're right, Bill," he said, recalling what his partner had said a few days before. "It's the devil's playground all right."

"Yes," said Yaunt, impatiently, "come on. What ye waitin' for?"

Before starting Jacobson raised his canteen to his lips to drink, when, still insecure on his injured ankle, and bracing himself against the wind, he dropped the canteen at his feet. Yaunt sprang to save the water. With a sweep of his hand to stop the mouth of the canteen he scooped up a handful of the wet sand. Then he handed it back to his comrade, and, with the instinct of the prospector, he glanced at the sand in his palm—and shouted, "Gold!"

There was color all right, and lots of it. Quickly a gold pan was unslung and a panful of the loose sand scooped up and water from the canteen poured in; while with hands that trembled and with eyes that almost feared to trust their own testimony the two men applied the well known tests.

Yes, there was gold. The panful of sand yielded quite a quantity of fine gold with a few coarse grains of the yellow metal. They carefully marked the spot and examined further along the bar and up toward the nearest ledge. Everywhere they found free gold, and the color became more and more pronounced as they worked their way toward the base of the ledge, where they found unmistakable indications of rich gold-bearing outcroppings of granite and quartz. It was within a few minute's walk of the camp. By following too closely the mule trail they had narrowly missed it the first morning they had started out.

The strike was a valuable one. There were thousands in sight and all that remained to be done was to make their locations and begin work, which they proceeded at once to do

But a surprise awaited the two lucky young fellows, when, after again successfully crossing the desert, they visited an assayer's office in San Bernardino with samples of their ore. Exhibiting the original nugget which he had picked out of the frog of the mule's foot, Jacobson related the incident and remarked: "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that nugget. I'm going to keep it as long as I live."

The assayer listened with a curious expression on his face, and as Jacobson finished his story the former said: "So you're another one of the mule nugget brigade, are you? Well, you're the only one that I've heard of that came through with anything except experience."

"What do you mean?" the blacksmith demanded.

The assayer laughed. "I see you're not next," he said. "You hiked to the desert just as soon as you got your gold nugget mule and you haven't been where you could hear the news. Let me see your nugget."

"This nugget," the assayer continued, turning the shining bit between his fingers, "is about one-third gold. The rest is copper. It's an artificial gold nugget. That fellow bunked you as he did a lot of other blacksmiths all along the line. How did he do it? First he stole an old copper plate out of a stamp mill somewheres out in the diggings. These plates, you know, become strongly impregnated with gold after they have been used a while. Well, he stole the plate, then melted it, and by dropping the moulten gold and copper amalgam into soft wood ashes he manufactured a job lot of the prettiest gold nuggets you ever saw. Then he picked up a bunch of range stock—got 'em cheap—and by 'fixing 'em' with his artificial gold nuggets and makin' 'em go lame, one at a time, he began workin' 'em off on unsuspecting blacksmiths at anywhere from two hundred to one thousand dollars apiece. What'd ye pay for yours?"

Jacobson told him.

"Well, sir," went on the assayer, "that fellow worked blacksmiths with that trick all the way from southern Nevada to Los Angeles. The back track to the desert was lined with blacksmiths makin' for where their animals had picked up gold nuggets. Measliest trick I've heard of in years, especially at this season. Right at the beginning of the hot weather. Wouldn't surprise me at all if some of those fellows never show up again. Course they couldn't wait till fall to locate their gold mines. Enough of 'em came back, though, to make up a party the other day to follow up and overhaul the scamp who stands a mighty good chance to perform the star act in a necktie show. You wait an' see."

* * *

A Good Salesman.

Lady—"Have you any creams for restoring the complexion?"

Druggist (tactfully)—"Restoring, miss? You mean preserving."

Lady—"Yes. Give me half a dozen bottles."

$1000 to You!

Marcel will give **$1,000.00** to you, or to any **distiller,** wholesaler or **retailer,** who can pick out **Marcel's 100-Proof Anti-Trust Whiskey,** selling at **$1.97** a gallon, from the Finest Trust Whiskey selling at $3.00, $3.20, $5.00, $8.00 or even more per gallon.

Here is a reproduction of ten glasses containing these widely advertised and well-known brands of whiskey: Hunter, Wilson, Guckenheimer, McBrayer, O. F. C., Old Crow, Oscar Pepper, Sunny Brook, Hayner and Marcel.

Can you point to any glass in the picture and be sure of the one that contains Marcel's Anti-Trust Whiskey? As little as you can distinguish our product in the picture, even so little could you pick the real goods if the glasses filled with the whiskies named were set before you.

Here is a Challenge to Prove Our Point: Take ten unmarked and non-recognizable glasses containing the above-named brands of whiskey. To anyone who can distinguish Marcel's Anti-Trust Whiskey from the other nine high-grade, highest-priced brands three times out of five, we will give **$500.00** in gold. To anyone who can do it seven times out of ten, we'll give **$1,000.00** in gold. The gold will be deposited before the test is made. This is not a bluff. It's cash.

It's easy for the farmer to recognize high-grade wheat from low-grade; his wife at a glance can tell silk from calico. Poor merchant, indeed, who can't tell first-class merchandise from poor. Does it not follow that if the whiskey drinker, the manufacturer, the dealer cannot pick Marcel's from the highest-priced whiskey, that Marcel's Anti-Trust Whiskey is as good as the best?

Fact is, Marcel's **100**-proof Anti-Trust Whiskey is as fine, as pure, as rich, as mellow, as the best on the American market. Better whiskey can't be distilled. Ask the Chemist. Write to the National Pure Food Commissioner. We'll pay the expense.

If the Whiskey Trust, the Mail Order Combination, or any Whiskey Distiller, or any Whiskey Dealer, says that our Whiskey is not as high in proof as is the finest Trust whiskey when it reaches the consumer, and the peer in flavor to any of the above named most expensive brands, let them pick out Marcel's from among the others, and we'll pay the penalty. And we'll be glad to do it. We dare you.

Still Marcel's 100-proof Anti-Trust Whiskey sells for **$1.97** per gallon, while any other real whiskey costs from over **$3.00** to **$8.00** and **$10.00.**

Our Offer: Send us $1.97 and you will receive by return express or freight (whichever you prefer) a full 124-ounce gallon of the highest grade whiskey possible to distill in the most modern equipped double copper still. If on receipt you will put **Marcel's Anti-Trust Whiskey** to the severest possible test, and find that it is not absolutely pure and wholesome and full 100-proof, write us—we'll return your money, pay cost of test and you may keep the goods.

Our name tells you why we do this. It's a struggle for our existence—a fight for our very life. It's either the Mail Order Whiskey Trust, or the Anti-Trust Distilleries Co. There are a thousand against us and we stand single handed, depending on the consumer for a favorable verdict and final victory.

Try a Gallon—Not 2, 3 or 10—But Only One, and See What a Fine 100-Proof Whiskey Really Is

Write The National Bank of the Republic or Commerce Trust Co., of Kansas City, Mo., and ask them if we will back up our word.

A Free Booklet! **Marcel** has published a booklet entitled **"Secrets of the Whiskey Trust Exposed"** and **"Why Is Marcel a Socialist."** The booklet contains the formula used by the Whiskey Trust for making their high-priced brands, and gives a table showing what it actually costs to distil a gallon of whiskey. It is a fascinating story of a great crime against the consumers of whiskey. Everyone who buys and drinks whiskey should read it. If you are not in need of whiskey you should write for the booklet. It will be sent you **FREE.** Address

MARCEL, "The Trust Fighter," 622 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

Young America.

Charles A. Hamilton, who sends items and pieces to some Rochester and Buffalo papers, has a son who has been studying the United States history in school. Hamilton was born in England. The other evening, at the dinner table, young Hamilton spoke up: "Dad, you were born in England, weren't you?"

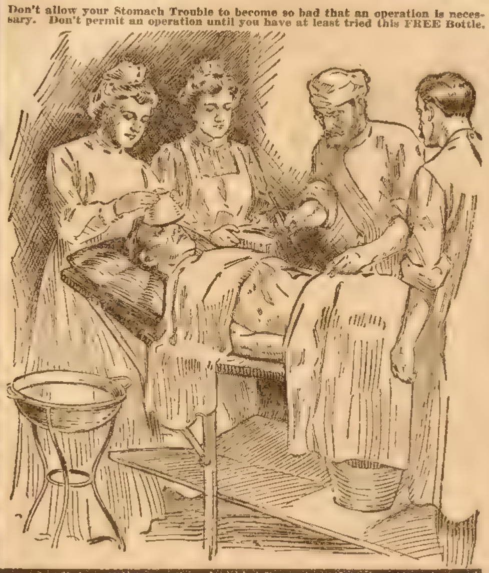
"Yes. Why?" answered Hamilton, Sr

"Gee, but didn't we just lick the ta out of you in 181

STOMACH SUFFERERS

Avoid Dangerous Operations. Let Me Send You a Free $1.00 Bottle of My Wonderful STOMACH REMEDY

Don't allow your Stomach Trouble to become so bad that an operation is necessary. Don't permit an operation until you have at least tried this FREE Bottle.



Read These Letters

What a Prominent Physician Has to Say of My Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Sept. 12th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—My wife received your letter and treatment a few days ago. She took the medicines as per directions Saturday with wonderful results, as she passed a large quantity of gall stones of various sizes. I will send you a money order herewith for balance of treatment. Have recommended you to several that I know need your treatment. I have practised medicine 20 years and have used Olive Oil treatments for a long time for my wife, and I can assure you that your combination greatly surprised me. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours gratefully,
ERNEST VINCENT, M. D.

What a Trained Nurse Has to Say

Aug. 24th, 1911

Mr Geo. H Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—To begin with I am a trained nurse and I had two patients that the doctors seemed unable to reach with their medicines and were trying to persuade the patient to submit to the knife. A friend who has tried your wonderful medicine proposed that I recommend it to my patients, so I did. They agreed to try the medicine if I would try the sample on myself. To please my patients was why I sent for the sample. I know that your medicine is wonderful because it has cured Mrs. Clark Fitzsimmons of Orofino, Idaho, and Mrs. Charley Frear of the same place I am very glad that I was able to recommend your medicine to them

LINNETTE HAVEL, Trained Nurse,
Box [illegible], Orofino, Idaho.

Cured After Five Years' Sickness.

Mr. Geo. H Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

I am pleased to inform you that I ordered a full treatment the latter part of March. It cured me after a five years' spell of sickness. I ordered a free bottle for a neighbor. Now I must tell you it is through me you are getting so many orders from Willard and Yelton Post Offices. I sojourned through Eastern Colorado and sang your praises and left your address wherever I went. I have not written you at an earlier date as I have just waited to see if I stayed cured before I let you know. Your remedy is surely a wonder. The doctors told me I had appendicitis and would soon die if I were not operated on. I was lying in bed about all the time with misery most of the time for five years. I took treatment during March, have been busy ever since. It is the only medicine that hit the sore spot.—L. C. MOREHEAD, Willard, Oklahoma.

Doctor Said Cancer of the Stomach.

July 22, 1911.

Mr Geo. H Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I write you this morning that I took my last drop of medicine yesterday morning and am now free from gall stones. It has made a new man of me. Sleep well, eat what I want and feel fine. No soreness left but I have some large boils. I think it drove them out. The Doctors said I had cancer of the stomach, and nothing would do but to be operated on, but they were mistaken. I have spent lots of money before and only got temporary relief, but I assure you I feel all right now. Passed about 400 gall stones

Yours truly, WM CAMPBELL,
Denver, Missouri.

More Benefit Than From a $100 Treatment.

May 31, 1910.

Mr Geo H Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

I rec'd the treatment you sent and can truthfully say I got more benefit from it than from a hundred dollar treatment I took last winter

Very Respectfully,
MISS F A HARNESS.
1020 Pacific Ave, Bremerton, Wash

Fill out this FREE coupon now and mail to me. The full $1.00 bottle will be sent you without delay. Send no money—your name and address on the coupon is all— MAIL IT TODAY—WRITE PLAINLY.

GEO. H. MAYR, MFG. CHEMIST, 388 Mayr Bldg., 156 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name...
Address.. City..................................
County .... State .... Express Office ....
391

I want every one suffering from **Stomach, Liver or Intestinal Troubles** and **Gall Stones** to send at once for a **Free Bottle.**

It is a marvelous remedy for

Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Troubles, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache, Appendicitis & Gall Stones

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid** and **catarrhal secretions,** backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to, and I again repeat I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to you absolutely **Free** so you can try it in your own home at my expense

The most eminent specialists declare that a big per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **Free** treatment at once.

I have watched sick people for years and have reached out my hands to thousands in the great depth of the Valley of Despair and brought them into the light of life and happiness. I want you, and each one suffering to know the full joys of living with every part of your system in beautiful accord and in absolute perfect harmony. This is possible if you will take this wonderful remedy. A FREE BOTTLE will positively prove it

Don't Lose Hope

Why suffer with stomach trouble? Why give up hope—and despair of ever being cured? If other treatments have failed and you feel disheartened, don't allow it to discourage you from sending for this **Free** bottle. Don't say to yourself that it will not help you, before you have tried it, as it costs you nothing to take this wonderful remedy and judge for yourself its marvelous powers. You will, like the thousands of others who have been cured, bless the hour and offer fervent thanks for this wonderful remedy that has brought back your health.

Why suffer with those horrid griping pains that cut like a knife? They rob you of all the sweets of happiness. Each morning means another day of torture and agony; each meal is looked forward to with pain. No matter what you eat, you suffer. Life is one continual round of "Don't eat this and don't eat that." You can't sit down to a table, spread with necessities of life and know that you are going to enjoy them; that they are going to be turned into rich red blood and strength which will give you vitality, health, and happiness.

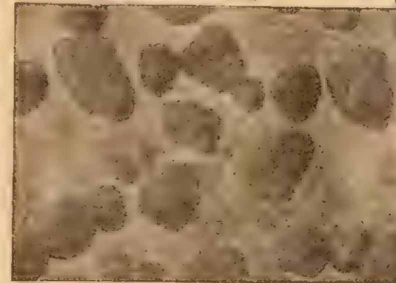
Almost every one who takes it declares that they have not felt so well in years **since they have taken the first bottle, and this benefit is an entirely natural one, as the remedy contains no opiate, stimulant or any poisonous or injurious ingredients whatever.** They are able to eat anything they want—even forget they have such a thing as a stomach. No more of the gnawing, aching, dull sensations, no more paroxysms of pain, belching of gases, and other symptoms of indigestion that stomach trouble produces.

A Few Names of People who have taken My Wonderful Stomach Remedy—and who state they have been CURED of various Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Gall Stones.

Phil Strain, Bloomington, Ill
Alma Loving, Russellville, Miss
Mrs. Thomas Mulvihill, Detroit, Mich.
Mattie Kirkham, Fountain Head, Tenn
W. G. Biddell, Burlington, Ky., Rd. No. 9
Mrs. E. P. Cady, Auburn, N. Y.
H. D. Chappell, Agt., Amer. Exp. Co., Scotland, Archer Co., Texas
W. H. Kingsley, [illegible], Wis
J. W. Blackburn, Fryatt, Ark
Henry Oaks, New River, Tenn
[illegible] Thomas, [illegible], Miss
Mr. M. A. McCann, Norwalk, Ohio
Ralph Johnson, McComb, Miss.
Mrs. Callie Wells, 1123 Harrison St., Guthrie, Okla.
S. R. Allen, Buckeye, W. Va.
Chas. L. Morse, 8 Pearl St., Middleboro, Mass
W. P. Cole, Medina, Tenn.
Fred [illegible], Grand Rapids, Wis
Estelle McAllister, Ludlow, S. D.
R. A. Dooley, [illegible]
Mrs. [illegible], Cottage [illegible]
Sarah [illegible] St., Mt. Vernon, Ill
Mrs. D. [illegible], N. Y.
[illegible] Dunkirk, Ind
W. D. Barr, 601 Walnut St., [illegible], Pa.
Mr. W. E. Cobb, Wichita Falls, [illegible]

Don't suffer all this pain; don't dose yourself with every medicine and try every treatment, when Mayr's wonderful Stomach Remedy, which has cured and made thousands and thousands of sufferers happy is offered to you. Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is absolutely pure and harmless It is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act—Serial No. 25792. This medicine has been successfully taken by children of nine years of age, and by old people of eighty-eight years and will not harm you in any way.

Below we show an exact Photograph—actual size of Poisonous Catarrhal Mucoid and Bile Accretions removed by my remedy. They are the causes of about 99% of all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments.



My last word to you—Don't permit a dangerous operation. Not until you have tried this **FREE BOTTLE.** I care not how long you have suffered or how severe your case may be, I am confident my wonderful and harmless remedy will entirely and quickly restore you to perfect health without any ill effect. It has saved thousands from operations. It should you. I believe that eighty per cent of the operations are unnecessary and the knife could be avoided if the proper method of treatment was administered. Quite often sufferers of Stomach and Intestinal ailments or Gall Stones are told they have cancer of the stomach and other rare diseases.

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
388 Mayr Building, 156 Whiting Street, Chicago, Ill.

References: Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago.

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to CURE.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879

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500 Dearborn Avenue.

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BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion for advertisements in the The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,000,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

In fishing for compliments use fresh bait.

A busy tongue is responsible for much idle talk.

The wheel of fortune has turned many a man's head.

Pessimists may be men who are disappointed in themselves.

Fresh people usually consider themselves the salt of the earth.

We all regret many things we haven't done—and only a few we have.

When you are expecting an opportunity it is sure to miss the boat.

Anyway, trouble never dodges up an alley when a man is looking for it.

Even good intentions prove too much of a burden for some men to carry.

Many a man who is rich in experience is unable to raise the price of a square meal.

A woman is proud of her husband's insomnia—if she thinks it brands him as a brain worker.

With the advent of her first baby boy a mother begins planning for his inauguration as President.

Always laugh at a man's alleged jokes. You may be in a position some day to let him loan you money.

Too many men make the mistake of overestimating their capacity when they are looking for trouble.

But when a friend tells you something for your own good, it's a sign that the pleasure will be all his.

A narrow-minded man will admit that others have a right to their opinions—if they are the same as his.

You never catch a man in the act of sneaking up quietly behind your back for the purpose of putting money in your pocket.

Fame, after all, is but a pedestal on which the victim is elevated in order to give the public a better chance to throw mud at him.

Look yourself over carefully, and if you find you are devoting too much time to criticising the affairs of your neighbors, cut it out.

If, as some writers say, a man acquires wisdom through marriage, it is no wonder the late Mr. Solomon had wisdom to throw at the birds.

It is possible for one woman to pass another on the street without seeing her, but she can't pass a milliner's window without looking in.

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

AGENTS WANTED

NEW Breakfast Beverage tastes like Coffee, very healthful, stops stomach trouble, and made for 4c pound. Formula for 10c silver, and 2c stamp, sample, 5c extra. Address New Discoveries, Dunkirk, N. Y.

AGENTS—Make $25 to $100 every week selling sign letters for stores and offices. Success guaranteed. Samples and particulars free. Metallic Sign Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

MEN, Women Sell Forkola; Profitable. Write The Bacorn Co., Bacorn Bldg., Elmira, N. Y.

AGENTS—Startling Invention. Make big money selling our Sunlite Lamp Burner. Makes large powerful white light. Smokeless, odorless. Sells itself everywhere. No experience necessary. Send 35c for sample burner and full particulars. Sunlite Sales Co., Desk 2, Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS—Something New. Sells at sight. Shoe Scraper—Fastens to porch or doorstep. Scrapes bottom and brushes sides of shoe in one operation. Big Fall and Winter seller. Sample 50c. Particulars free. Home Mnfg. Co., Box 73, Big Prairie, O.

AGENTS Sell Rich Looking Imported 36x68 rugs at $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days, his profit $57. You can do as well. Write for territory, sample offer and selling plan. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

$250.00 paid for distributing 2,000 free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. Men or women. No money required. B. W. Ward & Co., 1770 Berteau ave., Chicago

FREE—"Investing For Profit" Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

FREE Pillows with every order. Great proposition. Fine goods. Mail us $10 and we send you new 36-lb. feather bed and give you 6-lb. pair pillows Free. New feathers. Best ticking. Freight prepaid on all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Fine chance for agents. Turner & Cornwell, Dep't G, Charlotte, N. C. Reference, Commercial National Bank.

AGENTS—Something new—fastest sellers and quickest repeater on earth. Permanent, profitable business. Good for $50 to $75 a week. Write for particulars. American Products Co., 6165 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, O

AGENTS to sell to dealers and make 50 per cent on sales; article of merit attractively displayed. Retails at 10 cents; send 5 cents for sample. Rawlings, Box 1053, Central Station, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—Make $2.00 each selling our wonderful Luminous Crucifixes; nothing to sell six a day; absolutely new; shine all night in darkest room. Pioneer Portrait Co., 1258 West 63rd street, Chicago

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EARN your way thru College and learn Stenography, Bookkeeping, Engineering, Drafting, Automobile, Moving Picture, Carpentry, Plastering, Electrician, Painting, Decorating, Plumbing, Piano, Singing. Opportunity comes to each one but once. This is your opportunity. Cut out this adv. mark the study you want and send 25c for full information to Chas E. Riddel, 2328 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago

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$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send [illegible] stamps for price list paid; secure territory. Sheppard's Agency, Lebanon, N. H

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When He Missed it Most.

"What's become of the train you used to take into the city in the mornings?" asked the city man of the suburbanite.

"Oh, it's been taken off," replied the suburbanite.

"You must miss it."

"Not as often as I used to."

* * *

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for asthma, in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to any one who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

Fatal Reminder.

"Do you think, my darling," he gurgled, as he buried his manly mustache in his charmer's silk soft neck, "that your father will consent to our marriage?"

"Well, Popkins," she replied, "of course, papa will be sorry to lose me—still——"

"But," interrupted the ardent one, "I will remind him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son."

A deadly pallor o'erspread her damask cheek.

"Clarence," she cried, "if you really want me I implore you to say nothing so foolish. Papa has three such sons living with him now, and he's extraordinarily touchy on the subject."

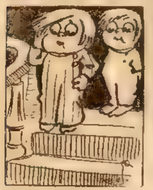
* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very, small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

Breaking It Gently.



The evening callers were chatting gayly with the Kinterbys when a patter of little feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mrs. Kinterby raised her hand, warning the others to silence

"Hush!" she said, softly. "The children are going to deliver their 'good-night' message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them—they are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence. Then—

"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willy found a bedbug!"

Marred Anecdote.

A singular lusus artis is the marred anecdote, of which the most familiar specimen is the threadbare story of Goldsmith and the stale greens. But this was a very old joke and seems to have been first narrated in connection with a couple of scholars, of whom, one laughing at the other because his garment was too short, his companion remarked that it would be long enough before he got another. The next person whom he met became the recipient of a version of the matter immaterially varied, yet so as to give the death-blow to the witticism "Jack," quoth he, "I've just heard such a capital joke." "What was it?" "Why I told Tom that his coat was too short, and he answered that it would be a long time before he got another." "Ah! well," replied the first, "it seemed a very good joke when he made it"

Nearer, however, to Goldsmith's day a very similar pleasantry used to be current about Archbishop Herring when he was at college. Herring, having fallen into a ditch near St. John's, a wag, passing by, called out, "There, Herring, you are in a fine pickle now!" A Johnian, overhearing this, went back to his college and was asked by some of his friends what made him so merry. "Oh," says he, "I never met with such a good story before. Herring fell into the ditch and an acquaintance said, as he lay sprawling, 'There, Herring, you are in a fine condition now.'" "Well," observed some one, "where is the wit in that?" "Nay," replied the first, "I am sure it was an excellent thing when I heard it."

No Use to Him.

When Robert H. Davis was young and loose in the feet he once wandered into a little Mississippi town. It was a bright day in the early Spring, and he walked down the one street. By and by he came to the county jail—a two-storied affair, standing flush with the sidewalk

"There was a negro pressing his face against the barred window on the second floor," said Mr. Davis, "holding on to the bars and yawning. By and by an old negro came limping along the street, toting a whitewash bucket.

"'Hello, Uncle Eph'm,' says the one in the window.

"'Howdy,' says Ephraim, limping on.

"'Wait a minute, Uncle,' says this lonesome negro in the window. 'What time is it, Uncle?'

"Uncle Ephraim limped right on. He hardly looked up.

"'What diffunce does it make to you, niggeh?' he asked. 'You ain't goin' nowhere.'"

Tommy Terrified.

William J. Burns, in an interview on the Rosenthal case in New York, said of a detective who had failed.

"He got his analogies wrong. He was like little Tommy.

"Little Tommy, at the 'movies,' saw a tribe of Indians painting their faces, and asked his mother the significance of this.

"'Indians,' his mother answered, 'always paint their faces before going on the warpath—before scalping and tomahawking and murdering.'

"The next evening after dinner, as the mother entertained in the parlor her daughter's young man; Tommy rushed downstairs, wide-eyed with fright.

"'Come on, mother!' he cried. 'Let's get out of this quick! Sister is going on the warpath!'"

A Happy Thought.

An Episcopal clergyman, rector of a fashionable church in one of Boston's most exclusive suburbs, could not be bothered with the innumerable telephone calls that fall to one in his profession, so he had his name left out of the telephone book. A prominent merchant of the same name living in the same suburb, was continually annoyed by requests to officiate at funerals and baptisms. He went to the rector, told his troubles in a kindly way, and asked the parson to have his name put in the directory. But without success

The merchant then determined to complain to the telephone company. As he was writing the letter, one Saturday evening, the telephone rang and the timid voice of a young man asked if the Rev. Mr. Blank would marry him at once. A happy thought came to the merchant: "No, I'm too damn busy writing my sermon," he replied

Known by Another Name.

Joseph Johnston, Senator from Alabama, is an ardent agriculturist. One day, at his home in Birmingham, he donned his overalls and went to work in the garden.

Shortly after, a visitor who was a newcomer in the city, entered the yard to call on Mrs. Johnston.

"How long have you worked for the Johnstons?" she asked of the man she found working there.

"Quite a number of years, madam," was his reply

"Do they pay you well?"

"Well, madam, about all I get out of it is my food and clothes."

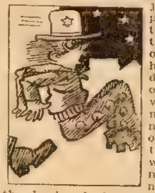
"Why, that's not right," said the woman, looking rather shocked. "Come and work for me. I'll pay you a certain amount each month and give you your food and clothes besides."

"I thank you, madam, but you see, I signed up with Mrs. Johnston for life."

"A contract of that kind is not binding," persisted the woman, "that is peonage."

"Well," said the Senator, "I have always called it marriage, madam."

Became Convinced.



They were having a dance in one of the large towns of Texas. A cowboy, just in from the prairies, went up to the hall and entered. The master of ceremonies led him gently to the door and put him out. The cowboy went back. The master of ceremonies hustled him out the second time. The cowboy went back. The master of ceremonies seized him by the back of the neck and kicked him rudely down the stairs The cowboy gathered himself up slowly, and, looking back at the hall, said wisely: "I know what it means! They can't fool me! They don't want me at that dance"

Disappointment.

They were a quaint old couple, and it was evident they had never seen many circuses. All the wild things in cages interested them intensely, but the woman kept hurrying her husband along.

"Hurry up, John," she would say, "we don't want to miss the hippopotamus. We may never get a chance to see another of 'em.

Seeing the hippopotamus was the main object of the expedition, evidently. And at last they came to the tank cage, where the great, sleepy, piglike animal sprawled. The old woman looked at him a full minute, and her face relapsed into the bitterness of disappointed hope.

"Lord," she muttered, as she turned away, "ain't he plain!"

The Case of Bridget.

David Belasco avers that it is impossible to say why a new play fails or succeeds. It may be the audience or the play. "It's like Bridget's case," he says.

"Bridget was the cook. One day her mistress asked, 'Bridget, when are you going to be married?'

"'Shure, I don't believe I will iver be married.'

"'How is that, I thought you and Mike were engaged.'

"'We are ingaged—in a way,' was the reply, 'but I won't marry Mike whin he is drunk, an' he won't marry me whin he is sober, and there ye are.'"

A "Dry" Joke.

Governor O. B. Colquitt, of the Lone Star State, was entertaining some friends from the East not long ago. The talk turned upon the great "dry" territory of Texas.

"This 'dry' territory," explained the Governor, "sells a great many money orders in our State.

"A man went into one of the town postoffices and asked for a money order.

"'For how much?' asked the postmaster

"'About a gallon,' the man replied

"The postmaster grinned and made it out for $3.50."

The Bishop's Ability.

Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of the Episcopal Church [illegible] certain money-[illegible]

It is illustrated in an incident of some years ago.

Bishops Duane and Carlisle were together when they were approached by a churchman much interested in a certain charity. He described this project at some length. Finally the two bishops each contributed a generous sum toward its furtherance and suggested that an interview with Bishop Talbot, who was writing letters in the next room, would be of almost certain fruit. This interview, a long one, was evidently satisfactory, for the man, on his return, was smiling broadly

"Bishop Talbot is a very fine man," remarked Bishop Duane

"An exceptionally fine man—most well informed," agreed the other

"He was interested in your charity?"

"Very much so—In all charities. He told me of some of his own which are most worthy."

"Did he contribute to yours?"

"On the contrary, gentlemen, it gave me much pleasure to let him have the money which you so kindly gave me a little while ago."

He Stuttered, Too.

Three strangers were in the Pullman smoker, when one of them turned to another and asked:

"H-How f-f-f-far is it t-t-to P-P-P-Pittsburgh?

The man addressed made no reply, but got up and left the car. The stutterer then turned to the third man, who gave him the information.

A few moments afterward the third man met the one who had left the car and said:

"See here! Why did you go out without answering, when that man asked you a civil question?"

"D-D-Do you think I w-w-wanted to g-g-g-get m-my head knocked off?" was the answer

A Sneering Bachelor.

Apropos of the dictum of Blanche Bates, the actress, that New York men are worthless, Willie Collier, the New York actor, said at the Lambs Club:

"It's all in the point of view, you know Blanche Bates is going to marry a Westerner. Now, if she were going to marry a New Yorker——

"Yes, it's all in the point of view. A girl said to a bachelor:

"'Woman is indeed like the ivy on yonder ruin. The more dilapidated you become the closer woman clings to you.'

"'Yes,' the bachelor sneered, 'and the closer she clings to you, the more dilapidated you become.'"

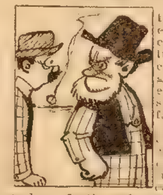
Referred to His Notes.

Bishop John H. Vincent, who started the "Chautauqua" movement on its way tells this anecdote about a brother clergyman who was unexpectedly required to officiate at the funeral of a man about whom he knew nothing. When he arrived at the town where the deceased had lived, he had just time enough to make inquiry about his traits and achievements, the results of which he noted down. His eulogy at the service, as reported, was as follows.

"Our dear brother whom we mourn today was a man of rare character and ability. He had the mental capacity of a"—referring to his notes—"Daniel Webster, the tact of a"—again consulting his notes—"Henry Clay; the pertinacity of a"—another reference—"Ulysses S. Grant. We can only mourn him with a profound and sorrowful regret now that he has gone to meet his"—another reference to the notes—"God."

Down on the Farm.

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, said the other day



"It has become the fashion for everybody to declare that the profit from the high cost of living all goes to the farmer. We hear on all sides about the farmers automobile and talking machine, his Persian rugs and player-piano, his wife's furs, his daughter's college education and so forth and so on

"We must take these statements with a grain of salt. I wish the farmer all the success in the world, but there's far more accuracy in a story I heard the other day than in all this talk of rural luxury and opulence.

"A city chap, the story ran, went on a farm to help with the harvesting in return for his board.

"The first morning, when the farmer called him it was so dark and frosty that the city chap couldn't resist another brief snooze before getting up. But he was, at that, out in the field by 4 o'clock.

"'Fine morning!' he said to his employer genially.

"Through the dim dawn light the farmer scowled at him

"'It was,' he said"

DON'T BE FAT
I WILL HELP YOU

When I was fat, I was uncomfortable and unhappy. I steadily gained weight. My double chin was a sight. My friends smiled, others jeered. My mental and physical suffering was unbearable. I tried all advertised remedies. I sweated, drugged, exercised, starved and wore [illegible] contraptions that were said to reduce weight but they all failed

I WAS DESPERATE

I gave up buying nostrums and new systems, and began to THINK as a substitute for paying out money. I just reasoned and read. As I read and reasoned, I learned the CAUSE of fat. Then I laughed to think how easy it would be to remedy it all. I worked out a plan. It was all so easy when I understood. To reduce Fat is simple to me now, and I have reduced myself to my correct weight. I have no double chin now. I look fifteen years younger, and feel fifteen years younger. My Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all the other ills have left me. I am so happy that I want you to share my happiness with me. I have published a book, on my simple, easy, drugless home cure for Obesity, that explains how you can reduce yourself, just as I did. It will save you money, save you Doctor Bills and may save your life. This book gives you a history of my experience and [illegible] I'll send it Free, if you will write me. [illegible] write me today, as you may not see this advertisement again. A Postal Card will do, and I'll send it Free.

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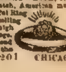

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Story of THE RED and THE BLUE

CATARRH

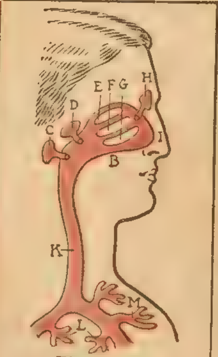

FIG. 1

Fig. 1. THE RED in the above cut shows the wide extent of Catarrh [illegible] INTO THE HEAD, DOWN INTO THE [illegible] INTO THE LUNGS [illegible] ears [illegible] sinus [illegible]

TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PART IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY

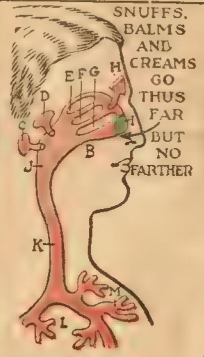

FIG. 2

Fig. 2—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much RED remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the BLUE to show the parts that are reached.

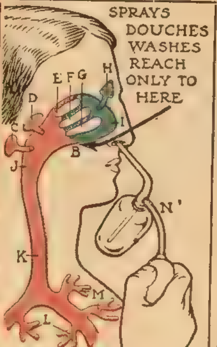

FIG. 3

Fig. 3. Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, and all WASHES and LIQUIDS.

By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.

WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY, and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY. See Fig. 5

The RED shows where Catarrh spreads.

The BLUE shows the limits of salves, spra[illegible] liquids and other ren[illegible].

The Blosser Medicated Treatment reaches everywhere the disease reaches. See Figure 5.

THE RED and THE BLUE, in the accompanying cuts, will show at a glance the one great fact about the treatment of Catarrh, viz.: that IT IS ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE to reach the disease with SPRAYS, DOUCHES and LIQUIDS of various kinds—much less with "BALMS," SALVES, SNUFFS, the ordinary "INHALERS," and all similar methods of treatment.

In the cuts, Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4, THE RED shows the parts that are attacked by Catarrh, and THE BLUE shows the result of the attempt to reach it by methods of treatment above mentioned.

In Fig. 5 THE BLUE shows the extent of the application of DR. BLOSSER'S CATARRH REMEDY, which alone reaches every spot that the disease may possibly attack, just as THE BLUE displaces THE RED in Fig. 5.

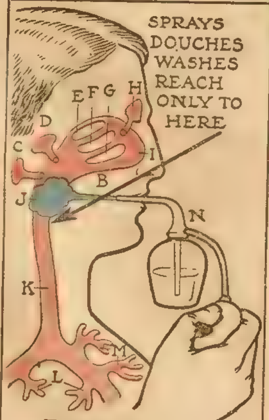

FIG. 4

Fig. 4—Shows how little of the mucous membrane is reached when the spray is directed into the mouth

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

The problem of successfully treating Catarrh is the problem of applying directly to the inflamed and ulcerated membranes in the air passages a remedy that will disinfect the sores, destroy the germs, and set up a healing process.

It is the height of folly to try to heal inflammation and ulceration by medicines swallowed into the stomach, ALONE, when you can apply a healing remedy right to the disease.

It is equally foolish to try to heal a disease by a local application that does not reach half the diseased parts.

In these two things we have the explanation of the failure of the generality of Catarrh remedies and treatments.

One set of remedies is taken into the stomach, and they fail—every one of them.

Another set consists of sprays, douches, ointments, or balms, and they do not reach more than from one-tenth to one-half of the diseased parts, and whether the medicine itself has any healthy virtue or not, it cannot heal when it does not reach the disease. All remedies applied in those ways are a failure, and must be, no matter what they are composed of.

There is one more little class of applications which are, perhaps, the most useless of all. It is that class where you draw air through a little sponge or other porous substance in a tube, and get the odor—nothing more—the odor of a volatile, pungent, loud-smelling stuff, the inhalation of which impresses the nerves which give the sense of smell, but the fact is they accomplish nothing more than this. To call a remedy of that kind a medical inhalation is to practice a deception—it is not a medicine, it is only a smell.

In contrast with all these things is Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these.

It consists of a warm vapor which is heavily laden with the medical extract of the remedy, and this is carried to every affected spot.

When you draw the vapor into the mouth and then let it come out through the nose, and when you "hold the nose" and blow, as in blowing the nose, the medical vapor goes everywhere, through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ears, through the little tubes into the frontal sinus where Catarrh gives you so much pain (in the forehead), into every sinus, cell and antrum, into the lungs and bronchial tubes, everywhere. It removes the stench of disease, it runs out the putrid, rotten accumulations, it reduces the inflammation, it sets the ulcerated membranes and tissues to healing. In due time it stops the annoying, catarrhal discharge, and then you are rid of the disease. If you will use the little precautions that we advise, you will never have Catarrh again.

These are the simple facts about Catarrh, and I give them as the result of 36 years' experience in the successful treatment of this disease. I leave it to the reader if what I have said is not clear and full of common sense.

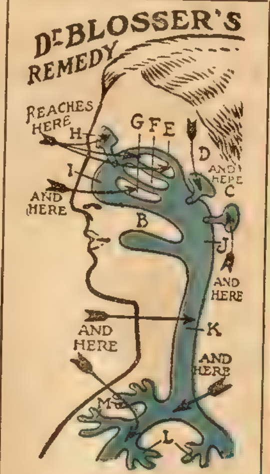

FIG. 5

Fig 5—THE BLUE representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy, has entirely displaced the RED, very fitly illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every [illegible] and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D and H). It gets into the [illegible] E, F and G, and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M), and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

Free Sample by [illegible]

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail A LIBERAL TRIAL TREATMENT ENTIRELY FREE. If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO NEGLECT THE USE OF THIS GRAND REMEDY. Catarrh, if neglected, may extend to the lungs, finally leading to consumption. This remedy has cured Catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant, medicated vapor GOES TO EVERY SPOT AND GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF, you will be convinced. The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package, containing enough to last one whole month, sent by mail, postpaid for $1. It is not on sale at the drug stores, as we wish our patients to get the medicine fresh from our laboratory.

Remember, a postal card, addressed to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., or the coupon, with your name and address, will bring you this FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. It will also bring you free an illustrated book.

☞ CUT THIS OUT, FILL IN AND MAIL AT ONCE. ☜

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

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Spell out name with pencil very, very plainly.

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No money or experience required. We want your spare time—not your money. We back you with our capital—teach you everything—start you on the road to wealth.

Big Outfit Free—get the exclusive agency in your town. Write quick. Get the whole proposition, fine outfit—everything FREE. Write today—now.

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This beautiful set complete—six tea spoons, one sugar spoon and one butter knife will be sent entirely free to everyone who sends [illegible] a year's subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER. We [illegible] treat old and new customers alike on this special offer. If you are already a subscriber and want this beautiful set send [illegible] and say you want the silverware tea set of eight pieces. As soon as we hear from you we will extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires and send you the full set of eight pieces at once.

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500 Dearborn Ave. Chicago, Ill.

The Kid and the Pigeon.

(Continued from page sixteen.)

"But the youngun will squall and wake the dead," objected one.

"Not if the kid carries her," was the reply. "She is always quiet when he has her. Bill can stay right with them to keep him from trying any tricks; I will go ahead with a dark lantern; and you can walk behind."

After this conference two of the men went out, and the third propped himself against the only exit to their prison and fell fast asleep. It was then the boy wrote the note and slipped the pigeon out through a hole in the roof, which he made by loosening a shingle. He would not have been able to write this note if the sleeping villain had not left his dark lantern beside him on the floor, with a tiny ray of light streaming out, so that the boy was just able to see the paper.

They stayed in that close, musty room all the next day. It was an attic room, close up under the roof, and was quite dark when the door was closed. The walls were black with soot, and the floor was littered with paper and old rags. This den that had been cold in the autumn night was close and sultry in the afternoon. Vivian dozed most of the day, and the boy took a long nap so as to be wide awake when night came.

As night came on the child grew fretful and cried to be taken home, and they did not get her to sleep till nearly midnight; and then they started.

That was about all the boy could tell, except that the man called Bill kept drinking and cursing his luck, and that the other two kept telling him he was losing his nerve. He said, also, that they all three cursed their fortune for not being able to be at the steel brige at midnight and were making all possible haste when they were taken. He knew nothing of the fact that his name and a signature purporting to be that of one of his pals were used on the threatening letters; and in fact, all the kidnapers were absolutely unknown to the boy. What they intended to do with the poor boy, no one will ever know, unless one of them confesses before his execution; for they are all condemned to die.

It is needless to add that the Kid is now a member of our family as dear to us as our own son could have been. As for homing pigeons, I am an enthusiast on that subject, and keep the finest private loft in the Mississippi Valley.

⁂

Was He Worth It?

Sam Day owned a big farm out in Ohio. He had lots of horses, sheep, cattle and hogs, and a boy—a dreamy blue-eyed boy, whom he called Ben. Ben was a good boy, as boys go, but he never seemed to fit in on the farm. He never complained, but appeared dissatisfied. He was forever looking down the dusty road that ran away to the town, where the train stopped, picked people up, and carried them away into the wide, interesting world. When he started across the field again he would hold the plow with one hand, walk side-wise and look over his shoulder.

Finally old Mr. Day took the plow from Ben and told him to go 'way for a spell, and see if he didn't want to get back worse 'an he ever wanted to get away.

Ben went. He wandered into the Far West and began "railroading" it. He began doing whatever he found to do—pushing a truck or a lead-pencil—and in a little while they began to promote him. Every time his pay was increased he thought of the old folks, and planned a visit back to the farm. He would write home and tell them about his promotion, but it was not a nice thing to leave a new job and by the time he had mastered it they would promote him again. So, from year to year, his pay and importance to the company increased, he found it harder and harder to get away.

When he found the word "General" printed after his name, and looked at the check that the company sent him at the end of each month he said "I'll have to hustle to earn all that money," and the trip back to the scenes of his boyhood's happy home down on the farm was put aside again.

But there came a time when young Mr. Day needed rest. The general manager suggested a vacation, but Mr. Day said he could not spare the time.

"Take thirty days," said the manager, "or I'll make you sixty," and Ben started for home.

One warm [illegible] day Ben found himself seated under the old Baldwin apple tree, with the half high of a red-hearted watermelon in his lap. Old Mr. Day, busy with the other half, paused now and then to ask Ben about his new job, how many cigars he smoked in a day, what they cost, and what he paid for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted to know what they called his boy on the road—conductor, brakeman, or what?

"They call me the general freight agent, father," said Ben.

"That's a mighty big name, Ben."

"Yes, father; it's rather a big job, too, for me."

"But ye don't do it all, Ben. Ye must have hands to help you load and unload?"

"Oh, yes, I have a lot of help."

"And the company pays 'em all?"

"Yes."

"How much do they pay you, Ben—two dollars a day?"

Ben almost strangled on a piece of core, and the old gentleman saw that he had guessed too low.

"Three," he ventured.

"More than that, father."

"Ye don't mean to say they pay ye as much as fi-v-e?"

"Yes, father, more than twenty-five."

The old man let the empty hull fall between his knees, stared at his boy, and whistled.

"Say, Ben," he asked, earnestly, "ar' ye wo'th it?"

⁂

Probably a Canard.

"Samaritan Joe" Enright of the police patrolmen at the Union Station refuses to confirm this story, but there are a number of policeman on the force who are willing to depose that it is true. Some years ago when John Hayes was chief, Joe was assigned to beat No. 1 which is on the levee. When he received the assignment he quietly but emphatically voiced his disgust to his fellow officers.

"That's no place for me," he said. "It's too quiet. There's nothing to do but fight mosquitoes and keep the cats from stealing bait off the trout lines."

"Why don't you wake up and pinch somebody?" laughed the captain.

"I'll try," said Joe.

At the next rollcall Joe is said to have turned in a report which read about as follows:

"Pinched A. Mosquito on the levee at one o'clock last night. Description: Dark complexioned, bald, medium height, gangling legs, with a long face and a bad eye. Weight four pounds. He made a desperate fight and I had to smash him. Charge, attempted murder.

"P. S.—He bit me behind the ear."

THIS ELEGANT BLACK PONY SKIN PLUSH COAT FOR LADIES AND MISSES $4.90

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Send $1.00 Deposit give size wanted, state if ladies' or misses' is wanted, and we will send you this elegant, extra quality, black pony skin plush coat C. O. D. by express subject to examination. The balance, $3.90 and express charges, you pay the agent after you find the coat perfectly satisfactory, as swell and handsome a coat as you ever saw and the equal in appearance of any $50.00 genuine pony skin coat, otherwise refuse to take it, it will be returned at our expense and we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the coat today or write for our big

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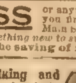

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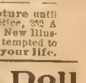

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Every little girl wants this new doll that can talk and go to sleep. No difference how many dolls you have now, this one is different. Big. Nearly 2 feet tall. Stylish hat, dress, shoes and stockings. The prettiest, sweetest dolly of all. Long curls. I have one for you. Girls wild for her. Be ahead of your friends and she will say "Papa" and "Mama" for you soon. You'll love her dearly.

An Extra Prize will be sent to all girls who answer this advertisement in good faith and do so promptly.

This Doll AND 100 PIECE Housekeeping Set for Dolly given free to one little girl in every home where this paper goes for a little favor. Pay no attention to other offers. Mine is better. SEND NO MONEY, but send your name today and say: "I want the Talking Doll and her outfit." Address me personally.

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There are all sorts of claims for superiority among distillers and **Mail Order** Whiskey Houses, and while we feel sure that our Fels 3 Star Whiskey **can't be** beat, or even equaled in quality, or price, still we are not going to ask anyone to risk their money on our judgment, therefore, we are going to give absolutely free, one full quart bottle to test. We want you to prove, by drinking it, that Fels 3 Star Whiskey is pure, wholesome, fully aged, mellow as can be and above all has **real whiskey** strength. We want you to add half water to it if you like and we say that you will still have stronger and better whiskey than most Mail Order Houses sell at our price. Anyone can easily understand that should we just send out bottles of whiskey free that we would be flooded with requests by some unscrupulous people and dealers and lay ourselves open to a fearful onslaught. This we cannot do, but nevertheless, the bottle is free to honest people.

Now here is our proposition.

We will send you one full quart bottle of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, absolutely free, along with your first order for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey for $5.45 and we pay the express charges. After you receive the 9 full quart bottles, open one of them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you have the privilege of returning to us the remaining 8 bottles and the one extra bottle you may keep free and we will immediately return your $5.45. Or send us $2.95 for 4 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include one test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory and the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price, just return to us the 4 bottles and keep the free bottle and we will refund your $2.95 without question or argument. With each order we give a free Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges, look close before you permit some of the low prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

We mean to prove superiority in the whiskey business; we mean to prove at our expense by giving a free test bottle, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey has no equal. Our quart bottles are full 32 ounce quarts and not short quarts and we guarantee every statement we make and back them with our paid up capital of $400,000.00. If you want real whiskey and not weak watery concoctions, send us your remittance on our free test proposition. **The taste is the test, that will prove more than we can write.** Address orders and letters and **make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr., or**

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BIG POWERFUL AIR RIFLE This famous Sterling Air Rifle is not a toy, but a firmly constructed, strong, durable and compact shooting piece. Shoots accurately and with force 32 inches long. Working parts of high-grade steel. Stock of highly polished walnut. Just the thing for target practice or shooting small game. More fun than with anything you ever owned. You can get it **FREE** without costing one cent of your own money. **SEND NO MONEY** Just your name, and we will send you 8 sets of our fast selling art pictures to distribute on a special 25c offer. Everybody will take a set to help you earn this fine big Air Rifle. Send us the $2.00 you collect and for your trouble we will send you free this 32 inch powerful Sterling Air Rifle, just as described, or your choice of other premiums from our big list. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY, as we take back pictures you cannot dispose of. Send us $2 and Rifle will be sent at once. **M. O. SEITZ,** 4-D-51 **CHICAGO.**

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Our Boys' Corner

Ken Warren, Boy Scout

Or, ADVENTURES IN ALASKA

By William Ressman Andrews

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CHAPTER IV.

IN THE DARK.

"SAY, Bill," said Whipple, pushing away the plates in front of him, "get out your map of Ten-Mile Creek and the documents that'll come into my possession, if your blamed old mine is worth what you say it is. Want the lads to see what's sent me up here."

He waited expectantly. The boys, too, waited with some feelings of anticipation. They wanted to see how near Monte's claim was to Mr. Warren's. They leaned forward and looked at Monte.

But instead of drawing the papers from his pocket, he rose from the table, yawned, and stretched his arms above his head. Ken was not able to determine whether it was an excuse, or whether the man really felt that way. Anyhow, the next moment Monte lumbered toward the door

"Wait till I get a breath of fresh air," he said calmly. "Room's pretty hot. Can talk better after I wake up outside."

And he hurried out, shutting the door quickly to discourage any one's intention of accompanying him.

"Curse them!" he muttered to himself, as he walked briskly up and down the path, intending to stay outside long enough for the inmates to get sleepy and desire more to "turn in" than ask him further questions about the mine, on his return to the cabin.

"All right; do as you like," called Whipple after him

"Who is he?" asked Ken. He took care to ask the question in a colorless voice. He saw that Whipple in his hearty, unsuspecting way, had perfect confidence in Monte, and might take offense at anything reflecting on the man.

Whipple laughed.

"You can search me," he said. "I know about as much concerning him as I do—you, for instance. In this country people don't ask questions referring to others' lives on the 'outside' "—meaning beyond the Alaskan boundry—"and depend upon sizing a man up before doing business with him, or taking him as a pal for a prospecting trip. I met him on the boat that leaves St. Michaels for Dawson. Seemed like a nice chap. Played a good hand at poker."

"Who was the lucky one?" asked Ken.

Whipple's resounding laugh rang out again.

"Oh, don't think I lost. I played a pretty good game, if I do say it myself. I'll admit, though, that sometimes after sitting in late I was in the hole quite a little; and ready cash, too."

"Win it back, I suppose?" inquired Ken

"Yes, you bet. Before reaching Dawson I won back what I'd lost, and made a killing of a couple thousand besides," said Whipple, proudly, as he tapped his waist. "I got it safe here in my money belt."

Ken wondered if Monte knew of the cash that Whipple carried around with him. Suppose he did? A freak of fancy, perhaps engendered by his surroundings, wove a woof of criminal impulses about Monte's conduct. Ken asked himself why he had told Whipple to keep close to the shore when in the vicinity of the danger spots in the ice. In the little while that the lad had seen the man and studied his ways, he came to the conclusion that Monte was as familiar with Alaska as he had made out to Whipple—and he made this decision regardless of the fellow's attempt to plead ignorance of some things.

Ken's theories then led him to an inference that made his blood chill with horror. Had Monte deliberately told Whipple to keep to the river banks hoping he would fall in and then freeze to death from the wetting sure to follow? Was it the man's intention to go back over the trail and rob the dead man? Any one passing later would see that the victim had come to his death through an accident—there would be absolutely no signs of violence; hence nobody would think of murder.

If true, it was a cunningly devised plot. Ken shuddered at the fiendishness of such a thing. He wanted to talk it over with some one, but he felt that none of them would believe him. "They'll think me crazy," reflected the excited youth, "as there's no proof."

Ken jumped from his seat and exclaimed, "This is too much"

The others looked at him in amazement, and thought something had suddenly turned his brain

"What's the trouble?" asked Hugh in alarm.

Ken glanced at the anxious faces of his companions, and realized that giving vent unconsciously to his feelings had got him in an embarrassing predicament.

"Seems as if the heat of the room is playing tricks with me, like Mr. Monte," he said, forcing himself to smile cheerfully.

He was in no mood to say anything more. He had to get away for a little while until his startling words and quick movement were forgotten.

"Guess I'll cool off," he declared, walking to the door. He didn't like the idea of being compelled to talk with Monte should the man be right outside—he was the last person on earth the lad cared to exchange a word with just then. So he went outdoors hoping that the man was not in sight.

The moment the young patrol leader started off toward the path to pace up and down for a few minutes before seeking his companions again, he noticed a flood of light from the cabin. The door opened, and one of the boys came out It was Hugh Harper. Ken retraced his steps and came up to his friend with a quizzical look

"What brought you here, Hugh?"

"Told 'em I needed a breath of air, too." Young Harper glanced at the closed door, then his eyes swept the cleared space around them. "But I really want to have a few words with you on the quiet," he said, mysteriously.

"What about?" Ken wondered what was on his mind, and whether it had something to do with the suspicions now gathering in his own thoughts. With this feeling he also glanced around the clearing.

"Are we alone?" asked Hugh, following his gaze.

"Don't see Monte, but there's no telling where he is. Why, don't you want him to overhear, what you're going to say?"

"Exactly."

Ken said nothing. He thought it best to let Hugh go on, before saying anything more.

Hugh led the way to the middle of the clearing in front of the cabin. Here they could walk up and down without danger of being overheard by Monte from the edge of the woods, if he were there. The man was not in sight, and it seemed as if he might have gone down the path to the main trail. He would then be too far to be called back to the hut before he was ready to return.

Hugh plunged right at the thing on his mind when he saw that he could talk freely. "What do you think of this fellow Monte?" he asked with blunt directness.

Ken saw that Hugh felt suspicious: but to what extent he could not tell.

"What do you think?" was the evasive reply.

"I'm free to confess I don't think much of him. And if your face has indicated anything from time to time, I dare say you don't either."

What's been the trouble with my face?" asked Ken, with a half-laugh.

"I'm not fooling. This is deadly serious. I've known you long enough to be able to tell when you've something on your mind, though you're checking yourself to conceal your thoughts."

"Yes?"

"I'm also aware of your idea of fair play, your not liking to cast suspicions on anybody, if there is nothing more. But I tell you, this man Monte is a bad egg."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know absolutely. That's what's sticking in my craw. I only feel that way."

"Feelings are very good things to go by sometimes."

"I'll be sure of it if you admit your feelings are the same in this case."

"They are," admitted Ken, slowly. "I've been trying to size up this man from the moment I set eyes on him, and have been trying to see through his game, if he has any"

"Ah, that's it; his game—if he has any," commented Hugh. "Wish I could give a guess."

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"I feel certain he has designs on Whipple."

"Perhaps going to try to sell him a salted mine. Many a fake of that kind has been palmed off on the unsuspecting in this country. And in a way Mr. Whipple is very unsuspecting. Probably has been shrewd in his own line, but would make an easy mark outside of it, once anybody crooked got his confidence."

Ken agreed with this view.

"And perhaps Monte is just that daring, he wouldn't bother to salt a mine."

"What do you mean?" asked Hugh.

"He might attempt to sell something he didn't own, though it was someone else's worthless land."

"That's so. I can see him forging papers and passing them off to a purchaser as the real deeds. Then, after getting his victim's cash, he'd skip the country. The fellow who bought the mine would come to a sad awakening when the real owner appeared and claimed the property."

Ken felt like confiding the extent of his suspicions to Hugh, but he hesitated for fear that they might sound too wild for belief, even in his friend's present frame of mind. So he refrained from mentioning his accusing explanation of Monte's peculiar directions having to do with Whipple's keeping along the shore of Churchill River. After all, he might be wrong, thought Ken.

Ken nodded at his friends words. "Now that you speak of such a thing, it might be just that kind of a game he is trying to put up on Whipple, with some property on Ten-Mile Creek."

Hugh became excited. "Of course. Monte's luring him on for that purpose, I'll bet. When he found that Whipple carried a lot of ready cash with him, he planned to get it. We ought to warn him."

"But we can't."

"Why?"

"For just the reason you mentioned. He's an unsuspecting kind of person. Monte has his confidence, and he wouldn't believe what any of us say unless we had proof to offer."

Hugh pondered a moment in a baffled mood.

"You see we'd only be laughed at for our pains," declared Ken, after a short silence.

"What can we do then?" asked Hugh, despairingly.

The answer wasn't as satisfying as he hoped, but it was the best under the circumstance.

"Nothing but watch," said Ken. "Something will turn up to open his eyes."

His prediction was coming sooner than either of the young men imagined.

"Wonder where Monte has gone to?" asked Hugh, looking around. "He's wandered a long way to cool off."

"Yes, indeed."

The lads went a little beyond their walk before turning in the opposite direction. Ken's foot touched a soft, yielding object lying on the snow. He picked it up. It was a packet of papers.

"Here's a find of some kind. Let's see what it is."

The translucent cabin window afforded enough light for a casual inspection. Ken unfolded several sheets and scrutinized them hastily.

"Say, here's a map of a mine in Ten-Mile Creek."

Some figures at the top caught his eye and made him wildly excited.

"Great Scott, Hugh, it's——"

"Here, I'll take those," came the demand in a gruff voice.

The papers were snatched from his hand. He turned quickly. Monte stood scowling at him in the imperfect light.

"These belong to me," snapped the man, who had suddenly stepped from the edge of the clearing, where he had been watching the lads, and cursing his luck for not being able to hear what he knew from their attitude to be an animated conversation.

"Belongs to you?" repeated Ken, somewhat in doubt as to the truth of the claim, on account of the figures he had seen on the margin.

"Yes, I dropped it when I came out," said the other, surlily. "Guess there's no doubt about it. No one's been here but ourselves, and you didn't lose it, eh?"

This was true, Ken had to admit.

"Think I know my own property when I see it," growled Monte, as he walked to the cabin door and kicked it open.

He wondered how much of the documents the lad had seen. He would have given a great deal to know. The very life of his plans now hung on how much or how little the map had revealed to the young man. Monte was so incensed he would have killed Ken on the spot, if he had dared. The only thing restraining him was the knowledge that with so many around he would be apprehended before he could carry out his numerous schemes.

Hugh noticed that Ken trembled from head to foot; and it was not caused by the cold.

"Quick, what have you discovered?" he asked, placing a hand on his friend's arm.

"I—I—I—don't—er—know what—to make of it," was all he could gasp at first. "The map—the mine——"

"Out with it!" cried Hugh, with impatient curiosity.

Ken finally recovered his speech. "It's a map of my father's mine!"

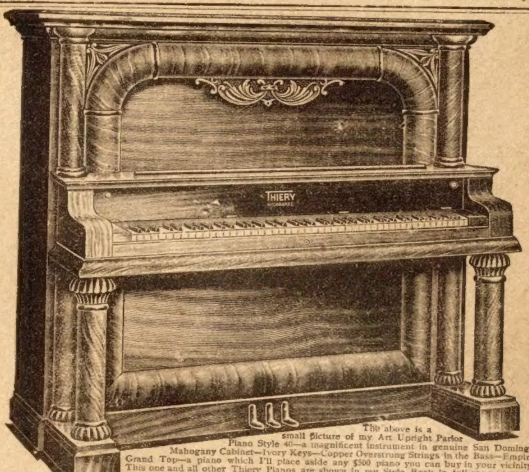
CHAPTER V.

WHEN THEY SLEPT.

"Impossible," cried Hugh, aroused by the words to a fever pitch.

"Not only possible, but I fear, true," said Ken.

"But are you sure? Did you see all the figures? The map wasn't in your



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hands very long. Seemed only a minute, when Monte snatched it away."

The questions sounded almost like doubts.

"I'm only asking to make sure," apologized Hugh. "Then we will know where we stand and what we can do."

"Yes, I understand your idea. But your questions have set me thinking. Perhaps, after all, I didn't learn enough to judge aright. The light was bad and there wasn't time to see much."

"What made you think it pertained to your father's property?"

"The figures recording its location."

Hugh asked what they were, and Ken told him.

"Remember, if you missed seeing even one numeral at the end of a figure, you'd be wrong. Monte might be trying to sell a salted mine close to Mr. Warren's. Mind, this isn't meant to sound like a defense of that villain whom I suspect of most anything. I'm only hoping you are dead sure. Then we could go in and confront him with the truth before Mr. Whipple."

Ken stood buried in thought. "I have it," he said, at last.

"Yes? What?"

"We'll go right in and one of us will say something to bring up the subject again. Mr. Whipple will then ask Monte to show us his maps."

"That'll be the test."

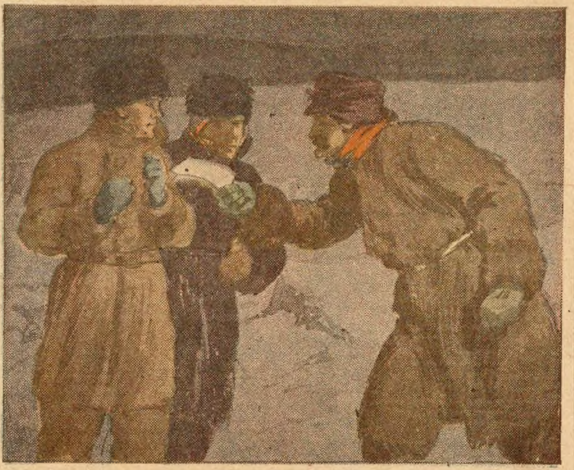
"If he refuses, the man won't have a leg to stand on. I'll then get Mr. Whipple aside and tell him our suspicions."

"I see. Of course, he will then ask Monte point-blank to see the papers. Once in his hands, he can ask the location of your father's mine and compare the figures with those before him."

"We'll certainly get the rascal that way. But it will mean to proceed cautiously, however."

The lads moved to the cabin door.

"Hark, what's the rumpus?" said Hugh.



"It's mine!"

"Dogs are restless," said Ken. "We'll see why they feel so uneasy, before going inside."

He led the way to a lean-to where the dogs and sleds had been left. Ken struck a match and looked around. A queer expression appeared on his face in the spluttering flame.

"Strange, Hugh, that Monte's dogs should be put back in harness so soon."

Hugh felt very much surprised at the discovery.

"Looks as if he means to ride on ahead without waiting for us in the morning."

But a greater surprise was in store for the boys. The match went out too quickly for them to see the whole interior. In the flame of another they saw the scouts' dogs standing in harness.

"He's got our outfit ready, too," declared Ken, with some heat. "Don't think he intends to run off and leave us in the lurch?"

"Either that, or wants us all to start on our journey shortly," said Hugh. "But suspecting him as we do, that's not to be thought of."

"There's no doubt that he has planned to steal everything and run off."

And though the two lads felt that they had pretty good grounds for feeling the way they did toward the mysterious Monte, they did not feel justified in the absence of definite proof, to accuse him straight from the shoulder.

"Suppose we went right in and told what we see here," declared Hugh, gloomily; "he'd be smart enough to give the rest some plausible explanation. Probably would say that he had changed his mind and decided to make Ten-Mile Creek by night travel. Let's get inside and say nothing about this discovery, but stick to our plan of getting Mr. Whipple to ask again to look at Monte's map."

A sudden misgiving assailed Ken. "Might be he's got the map out and hurried up the examination, trusting to luck that Job doesn't know the number of father's mine. If he went about it cleverly, he could fool Mr. Whipple," said Ken. He then rushed out of the lean-to. "He might be doing it now. Come; we'll catch him in the act if he is."

Ken made for the cabin and pushing open the door, he strode in. Until he got used to the light of the lamp after coming in from comparative darkness, he was unable to see Monte.

"Sh-s-s-h!" whispered Whipple, holding up a warning finger.

The two lads looked at him in perplexity, but obeyed.

"Go to bed quietly. Monte's very ill. Just climbed in his bunk on the top row. Has taken a dose of medicine to fix him up for an early start in the morning. Thinks we ought to get on the trail sooner than we had figured on."

The crafty Monte had put it to Whipple in such a way that in case the boys discovered the dogs in harness and told the others, nothing would be thought of it, on account of the supposed early start he had proposed.

Ken was taken back as he realized how completely he had been tricked. His first impulse was to speak his mind freely to Whipple, trusting to his earnest manner to convince him, but there was no chance to talk to him alone. Ken was almost tempted in his excited state of mind to exchange glances with Hugh. But he checked himself. Such a proceeding would betray their suspicions to Monte. He felt that the villain was then scrutinizing their countenances from his bunk to find out what they knew.

And in the few seconds he swiftly debated in his mind what he should do, a terrible revelation came to him. It was enough to unnerve a man of iron, much less a lad, brave as he might be. He realized that Monte, if the paper really pertained to his father's property, must have decided to murder him out of revenge, as his presence had frustrated the man's designs. That meant that Monte had probably set his mind on killing Ken that very night.

One false move, now, however, showing that he had become aware of this, would probably be the means of making Monte, from a feeling of self-defense, shoot him on the spot from his bunk. A glint of a pistol barrel, half raised in Ken's direction, caught the lad's keen eye.

There was the door, of easy access. He could step out into the night, then call his friends on some excuse. Once outside, the three scouts could take their team and hurry down the trail, making their escape. But that would leave Whipple in the hands of the man who had intended to murder him anyway, for the large amount of cash he carried with him.

"My God, I can't allow that!" Ken vowed to himself. He remembered the vow of the Boy Scouts, "Help those in trouble," and resolved to save Whipple, even if it cost him his own life.

"All right, Mr. Whipple, we'll climb into our bunks without disturbing him," he said in a whisper loud enough for Monte's benefit. "I'm going to turn in right away, if we are to leave early in the morning."

The words satisfied Monte. He lowered the pistol, and, lying down pretended to be asleep. But with a knife in his hand ready to drive to the hearts of his companions, he waited to hear the signs of heavy slumber—deep breathing.

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WHAT OTHERS SAID.

Her Mother—"I knew at once from your face when you came into the room what had happened. I've been afraid of it—what's that? Why, of course, I like Arthur, but he's not at all the sort of man I'd have picked out for you to marry. It is so disappointing. Yes, he's good looking and the family is all right, though it can't come up to the Farhams, if I do say it! Why, we trace our ancestors clear back to the Mayflower and we fought in the revolution. Then there was the Farham who——

"Well, of course, if you look at it that way. But you needn't think Arthur is ever going to distinguish himself in particular. If he can earn enough to keep your bills paid you will be fortunate, my poor child! I'm not blaming you so much, for the way he has run after you and his whole family has run after you has been enough to persuade any girl! They never gave you a chance from the start! I suppose they didn't dare hope that a girl as pretty and with your position and the way you've always lived would look at Arthur. Why, you could have married—anybody!

"Well, I don't know who just this minute—it's annoying of you to pin one down so to particulars! But you could, with your looks. I don't know that it's worth while to bring a girl up and have her throw herself away——

"Oh, don't get fussy! I'm not running Arthur down at all! You've settled it and I'll have to abide by it and make the best of it. I hope his folks are satisfied. No doubt they are perfectly jubilant to think he has won out! Well, ask him to dinner tonight. Why, of course, I'll be nice to him—I sincerely hope that I know my duty!"

His Mother—"Arthur! You don't mean it! Oh, you've broken my heart! That girl! Why, I've nothing against her, only——"

"Oh, Arthur, if you had only picked out any one else in the world! I hope she's satisfied now that she's finally caught you! Poor boy, you couldn't really help yourself! Never in my life have I seen anything like the way that Farham family has chased you. In my day it would have been considered disgraceful and my people were the first family in the town. The Bells have never had to endure being looked down upon, I can tell you! It has always made me boil when Mrs. Farham has bowed to me in that snippy, condescending way she has—with her thin, hatchet face and absurd airs!

"I don't see where Helen got her looks though they are nothing out of the ordinary, after all. I always thought you'd marry a beauty. You should, Arthur, to match your own looks.

"And the way she has been brought up—she'll ruin you with her incompetence and extravagance! Of course, she went to a good school; but I never thought any of the Farhams were troubled with too much brains. When I think of the girls you might have married if you had only——"

"What? Oh, I'm not thinking of any one in particular, but you know as well as I do that there isn't a girl anywhere around who wouldn't have married you if you had asked her!

"I must make the best of it and I hope you'll be happy, but I feel that I've lost you. Yes, I do, Arthur! If it had been any other girl I shouldn't feel this way. I'm going to lie down a while and pull myself together. It's an awful blow!"

Her Best Friend—"Not really? Arthur Bell? O-o-oh, you darling! How perfectly grand. He's so-o-o good looking! Are you going to have a church wedding? How many bridesmaids? How long have you been engaged—tell me all about it!

"Why, yes. I did rather expect it. No, I can't say that I'm surprised, dear. Everybody knew you were crazy about him, though whether he felt the same—that is, well, you never can tell about a man. And he was so wild over that girl from New York last winter, you remember. Oh, wasn't he? Of course, it may have just looked that way to outsiders. Anyhow, I wouldn't worry about it at all. A man gets over those affairs so easily. I'd never feel safe myself though, as long as the other girl is on the same continent. She has the loveliest eyes!

"I suppose you're perfectly happy and I hope you'll stay so. Life is so full of disappointments. I think it is awfully risky to marry and I'm glad I'm so absorbed in art. That will never fail me! I'd feel better about it if Arthur wasn't so good looking—handsome men are so likely to be fickle!

"Are you going to wear white satin?"

His Best Friend—"You don't say! Congrats! By George, old man, this sort of knocks me all in a heap! I had no idea that you were serious in that matter! She's a mighty fine girl and all that, and I hope you'll be happy, but with all these divorce cases in the papers it makes a fellow—of course, I don't mean you're likely to——

"Well, well, to think that you're landed at last! Oh, I say—this spoils all our good times for keeps—a woman upsets things so. Confound you!"

* * *

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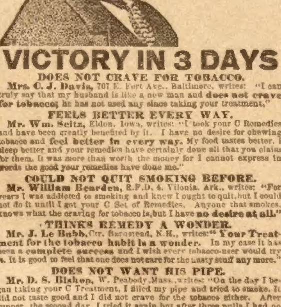

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Mr. Wm. Seitz, Eldon, Iowa, writes: "I took your C Remedies and have been greatly benefited by it. I have no desire for chewing tobacco and **feel better in every way.** My food tastes better. I sleep better and your remedies have certainly done all that you claim for them. It was more than worth the money for I cannot express in words the good your remedies have done me."

COULD NOT QUIT SMOKING BEFORE.
Mr. William Bearden, R.F.D. 4, Vilonia, Ark., writes: "For years I was addicted to smoking and knew I ought to quit, but I could not do it until I got your C Set of Remedies. Anyone that smokes, knows what the craving for tobacco is, but I have **no desire at all.**"

THINKS REMEDY A WONDER.
Mr. J. Le Babb, Ctr. Barnstead, N.H., writes: "**Your Treatment for the tobacco habit is a wonder.** In my case it has been a **complete success** and I wish every tobacco-user would try it. It is good to feel that one does not care for the nasty stuff any more."

DOES NOT WANT HIS PIPE.
Mr. D. S. Bishop, W. Peabody, Mass., writes: "On the day I began taking your C Treatment, I filled my pipe and tried to smoke. It did not taste good and I did not crave for the tobacco either. After supper, the second day, I tried it again, but after three pulls I had no desire. **On the third day I did not put the pipe in my mouth.** I have no craving whatever for tobacco any more."

MONEY WELL SPENT.
Mr. J. A. Perry, Miami, Florida, writes: "I did not write to you before, because I wished to see if the effects of your C Remedy were lasting. I am now proud to say the five dollars I paid for your Treatment were the best I ever spent. It is many months now since I took your Treatment, and I have no desire for tobacco. I have tried to chew, but it tasted worse than the first chew. **I am better in every particular and weigh ten pounds more than before.**"

HE WAS A CIGARETTE FIEND.
Mr. Fritz A. Garrett, Box 2, Zona, La., writes: "I have been **smoking cigarettes for several years.** I can realize now that I have done the right thing in taking your treatment as I had become a cigarette fiend, but I never think of using them at all now. **My nerves are steadier** and my complexion is better; it does not have that yellow tint any more."

HE SMOKED FOR 24 YEARS.
Mr. P. J. Lapp, 1225 Stark Ave., Canton, O., writes: "I have used your C Treatment and am more than pleased with the results. I had **used tobacco for about 24 years.** In fact, I could not do without it, but I am **now completely freed of the habit.** I cannot say enough in praise of your Treatment and I certainly recommend it."

SMOKED TWENTY CIGARS DAILY.
Mr. B. F. Williams, McLain, Miss., writes. "I took your C Treatment for the tobacco-habit and haven't had any desire for tobacco in any form since. I believe I am permanently freed of the habit. I **smoked all the time except when asleep; often 20 cigars daily.**"

IS IN FINE, HEALTHY CONDITION.
Mr. W. H. Achterberg, Converse, Tex., writes: "Since taking your C Remedy, I am feeling better than I ever have before. I am in **a fine and healthy condition.**"

NEVER FELT BETTER IN HIS LIFE.
Mr. Andrew Thrapp, Waldo, Kansas, writes: "After having waited a long time, I can now write you that I have been entirely freed from the tobacco habit. I have had the tobacco-habit for ten years and I can say that I never was so glad of anything in my life, **as when I found out that I was freed of the accursed habit.** I never felt better in all my life, than since I took your C Treatment, and I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone."

HE TRIED TO GIVE IT UP.
Mr. Wm. M. Morrill, Antrim, N. H., writes: "I have taken your C Treatment with great success, for I have been freed entirely of the tobacco habit. I have been a user of tobacco for years and have tried again and again to give it up, but I would always have to go back to it again; **will-power, etc., would fail to keep me away from tobacco,** but when I commenced your Treatment, **the appetite almost immediately left me.**"

A LADY GIVES UP USING TOBACCO.
Mrs. Emer Carliles, Ludington, La., writes: "Your C Treatment is just as you recommend it to be, for it has entirely freed me of the tobacco-habit. I cannot praise it high enough. I have been a constant user of tobacco for the last twenty-two years, it seemed I could not possibly do without it, but now **thanks to you, I haven't the least desire for it.** My health also has improved wonderfully."

FEELS A THOUSAND TIMES BETTER.
Mr. John Rabanus, Frazee, Minn., writes: "I wish to thank you for what your C Treatment has done for me. **I am a man of strong will-power,** but I **never could overcome the craving** I had for both chewing and smoking tobacco. Since taking your Treatment, I have lost all desire for tobacco in any form and **feel a thousand times better in every way.**"

HEALTH IMPROVED WONDERFULLY.
Mr. J. D. Hancock, 1808 Third St., Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I have taken your C Set of Remedies and can truthfully say that I am completely freed of the tobacco-habit. Since taking your treatment, **I have not had the least craving for tobacco in any form. My health has improved wonderfully.**"

SNUFF RUINS HEALTH.
Miss Harriet Martin, Marietta, Okla., writes: "**I have used snuff for 25 years,** but since taking your C Treatment, **my snuff habit was overcome.**"

IT SAVED HIM MONEY.
Mr. Otto Haldenwanger, Fort Casey, Wash., writes: "I have taken your Treatment as per your directions and **I am doing fine.** I can say that I didn't feel as good as at present, for a long time. I am glad I took your Treatment for not only did it save me money, but it improved my health and **I am feeling entirely like a new person.**"

IT TOOK AWAY ALL DESIRE.
Mr. N. S. Gregg, 604 N. Nat. Ave., Fort Scott, Kansas, writes: "Your C Treatment for the tobacco-habit **has taken away from me all desire and craving** for the vile weed. I can advise all who wish to quit the use of tobacco, to use your C Treatment; it is very reliable in its work."

USED TOBACCO SINCE 10 YEARS OLD.
Mr. Fred M. Hunt, Calumet, Mass, writes: "I can truly say that I have given up the tobacco-habit for good and all. There has been a great change and although **I have been using tobacco since I was 12 years of age,** both in smoking and chewing, I experienced little trouble while taking your Remedies. The craving has gone and I am freed of the tobacco-habit."

WILL-POWER DID NOT HELP HIM.
Mr. J. E. McCabe, 119 McKinley Ave., Freeport, Ill., writes: "Since I took your C Treatment for the tobacco-habit, I note a great improvement in both my mental and physical conditions. I don't remember feeling better at any period in my life. **I have smoked heavily for the past 10 years,** but I have used my last cigar. Since I took your Treatment, I have not touched tobacco and never expect to again."

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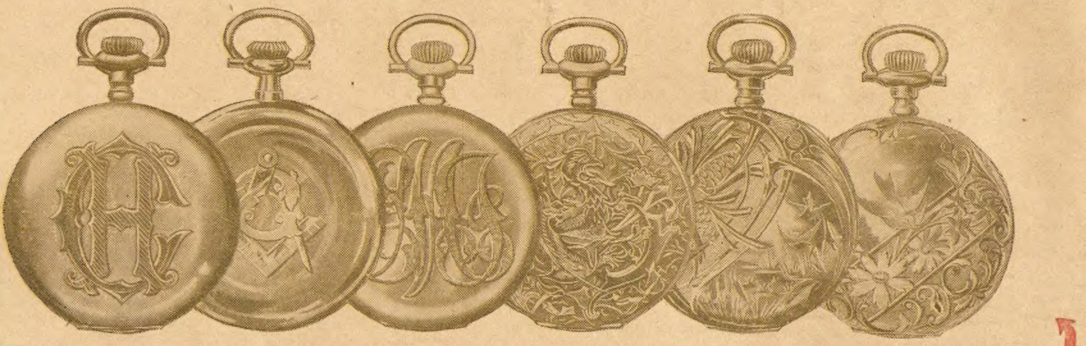

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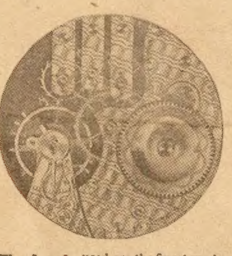
A Bomb!

for the Watch Trust

The Burlington Offer— Our startling and smashing direct offer is overwhelming the watch trust. The superb Burlington Special at the anti-trust rock-bottom price—the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay—is paralyzing competition. Such a **smashing and overwhelming** offer has never before been heard of in the entire history of the watch industry. Just think of it! You may secure one of these superb time-pieces—a watch of the very latest model, the popular new thin design, adjusted to the second—19 jewels—the most perfect product of the most expert watch manufacturers in the world, at the rock bottom price, direct from us—the identical price that even the **wholesale** jeweler must pay. And you may pay this rock-bottom price at the rate of $2.50 a month. Yes—only $2.50 a month and all the time you are carrying this most superb time-piece. No wonder competition is paralyzed. No wonder everyone says that this is the greatest watch offer of the age.



Adjusted to Temperature
A watch to be adjusted to temperature is put into a refrigerator and run for 24 hours, then it is put into an oven of 100 degrees temperature and run for 24 hours, then it is run in normal temperature for 24 hours. This process is continued until the watch runs the same in all temperatures.

Adjusted to Isochronism
A careful adjustment, so that the speed of a watch, when it is fully wound up, is the same when it is almost run down.

Adjusted to Positions
Adjusting a watch to positions is adjusting it so it runs the same in various positions.

The Jewels used are the finest grade of selected genuine imported *ruby and sapphire jewels,* absolutely flawless. Nineteen of these chosen gems protect every point. *It is well understood in the railroad business that nineteen jewels is the proper number for maximum efficiency.* Nineteen Jewels is regarded by experts as the best number for a *perfect* watch.

Factory Fitted Every Burlington Special movement is fitted into the case right at the factory where the movement was made—into a case made for this watch. No looseness or wearing of parts against the sides of the case. No rattle or jar.

Our Direct Guarantee means that we will make good on any just complaint either as to workmanship or material, in either watch or case, at any time without red tape or formality. Note: we do not say within ten or twenty years, but at anytime. Our guarantee does not include cleaning or breakage caused by carelessness or accidents, or tinkering with the watch, but, if anything is found wrong with the watch in any way, we will replace the part complained of, or we will repair the watch free of charge, or we will give you a new watch absolutely free as you may elect. Note: this guarantee is good for 25 years, yes and longer than 25 years, for any length of time if anything is found wrong with material—absolutely without restriction.

Don't miss this liberal offer — send this Free coupon TODAY!

FREE

Watch Book

COUPON

Burlington Watch Co.
19th St. and Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 5018, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me absolutely free and prepaid one of your new watch books explaining about your anti-trust fight, and giving the *inside facts* about the watch industry. Also give full particulars of how I may obtain a fully adjusted 19-jewel gold strata genuine Burlington Special, *on approval*, at the rock-bottom price, on terms of $2.50 a month. No obligations on me.

Name..

Address..

BURLINGTON WATCHES

The Fight on the Trust Is Explained in This Great Watch Book

Get this wonderful new watch book. It is free and prepaid. No obligations whatever. It will tell you about our gigantic fight against the trust and trust methods. It will tell you of quiet agreements which the giant factories have with dealers which enable them to uphold prices. That is the reason why we say that the great watch factories are a trust. It is because they have contracts and agreements with dealers everywhere which enable them to control trade and to uphold prices. It is not an illegal trust; but its methods are unfair to us—unfair to the public who must pay the price. We want you to get this watch book at once. Find out the inside facts of the watch industry. This book will also tell you about the superb Burlington Special and how it is manufactured for *quality*, not *quantity*. Just put your name and address on the coupon and send it to us today. We will send you the book prepaid—no obligations on you whatever. Better write *now*.

Since the $1,000 Challenge

was made to the giant factories four years ago, why have they not answered? Why have not these factories produced a watch **equal** to the Burlington? And this challenge did not ask our competitors to produce a watch **better** than the Burlington. NO. If they should produce a watch **equal** to the Burlington we should be the losers. Our $1,000 still lies in the bank for competitors to cover.

No Money Down

We ship the watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of ladies' or gentlemen's open face or hunting case). You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent unless you want the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch. Send the free coupon today.

Burlington Watch Co. 19th Street & Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 5018 Chicago, Ill.